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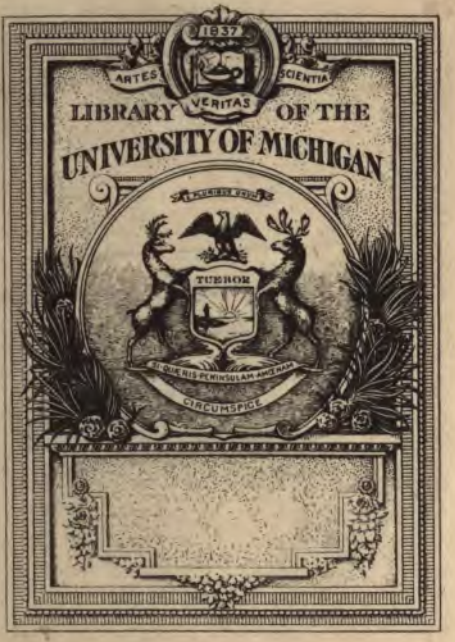
# CANADIAN ESSAYS

Thomas D'Arcy

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# CANADIAN ESSAYS

## CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL

BY

THOMAS O'HAGAN, M.A., PH.D.

AUTHOR OF "A GATE OF FLOWERS," "IN DREAMLAND," "SONGS OF THE SETTLEMENT," "STUDIES IN POETRY," ETC.

*"But thou, my country, dream not thou!*
*Wake, and behold how night is done,—*
*How on thy breast, and o'er thy brow,*
*Bursts the uprising sun!"*

*—Roberts.*

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS

1901

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TO THE BROTHERS

OF

THE INSTITUTE OF THE CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS,

DISCIPLES OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST DE LA SALLE,
THE FATHER OF MODERN PEDAGOGY,

I DEDICATE,

WITH SINCERE ADMIRATION,

THIS VOLUME.

Radcliffe C.E. 5-2-35

# PREFACE.

THE following essays have appeared during the past few years in various magazines, and are now submitted to the public for the first time in book form. It will be noticed that they all deal with some phase of Canadian history or literature, and it is hoped that their publication will to some extent attain the purpose which their author has in view, namely, the promotion of a wider and better acquaintance on the part of Canadians with the historical and intellectual development of their own country.

It is quite true that nothing can be added to the literary worth of an author by injudicious praise, nor will puffery give poet, novelist or historian a seat in the parquet of true merit or a niche in the temple of permanent fame. Yet does it not seem, to say the least, shortsighted and unpatriotic that we Canadians should busy ourselves with the literary beginnings of other lands, and pay but little heed to the literary colonizers and toilers of our own? Is it, indeed, true "that one hears more of the Canadian

poets, Carman and Roberts and Campbell, in New York in a week than in Canada in five years"?

If it should appear that some authors whose contributions to Canadian literature are but slight have gained recognition in this volume, it is because such writers have cheerfully and patriotically given of their heart and brain—whether lyric, story or historical sketch—to enrich the intellectual life-blood of our country, and deserve, therefore, to be gratefully remembered in its literary annals.

It is to be hoped, too, that the essay dealing with French Canadian life and literature may help to make better known to the people of Ontario and the other provinces the literary worth and character of the French Canadian people, who were the pioneers of our country's progress, and who to-day form such an important part of this great Dominion.

The subject of the deportation of the Acadians is a mooted one in Canadian history. The writer begs to enroll himself with those who regard the exiling of the Acadians as unjustifiable, and who look upon it as the most cruel and wanton act that stains the page of New World history.

Though the papers on the Catholic Church in Ontario, the Jesuit martyrdom, and the life and

work of Rt. Rev. Alexander Macdonell appeal in interest especially to Catholics, yet their historical value as a record of the pioneer labors of the Catholic Church in the chief province of the Dominion may entitle them to be considered as a part of the general historical records of our country.

The author desires to acknowledge his indebtedness in the preparation of this volume to the following works: Rev. Dr. Harris's "History of the Early Missions in Western Canada"; Parkman's "Early Jesuit Missions in North America," "Wolfe and Montcalm," and "Half a Century of Conflict"; Kingsford's "History of Canada"; Martin's "Life of Brébeuf"; Rev. Dr. Teefy's "Jubilee Volume of the Archdiocese of Toronto"; "Reminiscences of Bishop Macdonell," by Chevalier Macdonell, K.H.S.; Dr. D. A. O'Sullivan's "Essays on the Church in Canada"; Benjamin Sulte's "Origin of the French Canadians"; William Parker Greenough's "Canadian Folk-life and Folk-lore"; Arthur Buie's "The Saugenay and the Valley of Lake St. John"; Haliburton's "History of Nova Scotia"; Abbé Casgrain's "Pilgrimage to the Land of Evangeline"; Richard's excellent work, "Acadia: Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History"; Rev. Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old"; Rev. Dr.

Dewart's "Selections from the Canadian Poets"; Morgan's invaluable work, "Canadian Men and Women of the Time"; Lighthall's "Songs of the Great Dominion"; and Dr. Rand's admirable "Treasury of Canadian Verse."

The courtesy of the publishers of the *American Catholic Quarterly Review*, the *Catholic World*, and "Canada: An Encyclopedia," for permission to reprint the four essays, "The Catholic Church in Ontario," "Canadian Poets and Poetry," "French Canadian Life and Literature," and "Canadian Women Writers," which were specially prepared for these publications, is hereby also gratefully acknowledged.

T. O'H.

TORONTO, CANADA, June, 1901.

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# CANADIAN ESSAYS,

## CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL.

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## CANADIAN POETS AND POETRY.

CANADA has a goodly number of inspired singers whose strong, fresh notes in the academic groves of song are steadily winning the ear and heart of an increasing multitude. These chanters of Canadian lays, these prophets of the people, sing in various keys—some catching up in their song the glory and spirit of the world without, some weaving in ballad a recital of the bold adventures and heroic achievements of the early missionary explorer and pioneer, while others with heart and lips of fire are stirring in the national breast of "Young Canada" fairer visions and dreams of patriotism and promise. The note of all these singers is individual—indigenous. Their songs are racy of the soil, charged with the very life-blood of the people, reflecting their courage, their toil, their suffering, and the heroic deeds that illumine the pages of our country's history.

Nor is there anything of pessimism in Canadian poetry. It is full-blooded, hearty, healthy and hopeful in its tone. The Canadian pioneer who entered the virgin forest in the twilight days of civilization brought with him a stout and resolute heart, ready to front every danger and bear up under every deprivation and loss.

This lineage of courage is manifest in Canadian song. Alexander MacLachlan, who is justly called the Burns of Canada, breathes it into his tender and melodious lines. This venerable poet, who passed away in 1896, in his early days experienced life in the backwoods of Canada, and many of his finest lyrics find their root of inspiration in scenes and incidents peculiar to roughing it in the woods. It is not to be wondered at, then, that the heroism of our fathers in the forest gave soil to a spirit of heroism in Canadian poetry, and that the wholesome virtues of honesty, uprightness, industry and good cheer find reflection in the life interpretation of our people.

The links that bind in song the Canadian poets of to-day with the old and honored choir that chanted in the dawn of Canadian life and letters, are, year by year, breaking and disappearing. Pierre Chauveau, universally recognized as one of the most accomplished of French Canadian *literati;* Charles Sangster, the Canadian Wordsworth in his reverence and love

of nature; Charles Heavysege, whose great scriptural tragedy "Saul" was considered by Longfellow to be "the best tragedy written since the days of Shakspere"; and Louisa Murray, the author of "Merlin's Cave," a poem characterized by great beauty of thought and diction—all these have heard within a few years the whisperings of death and have stolen away.

The younger Canadian poets of to-day revere these names as the pioneers of Canadian letters—song-birds of the dawn—minstrels whose harps cheered the patriot firesides of the early Canadian settler. They had for contemporaries in American poetry Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and Holmes; but the labor of their achievement as first colonizers of literature in Canada entitles them to be ranked rather as contemporaries of Irving, Willis, Halleck and Poe.

Now as to the spirit and methods of the older and younger schools of Canadian poetry. Scholarship, refinement, a keen appreciation of the artistic, with a certain boldness of wing, mark the performances of the Canadian singer of to-day. He puts into his workmanship more of Keats and Tennyson and Swinburne, but less of Scott and Wordsworth and Burns, than did the poets of the older school. He has drunk copiously from classical fountains—from the clear streams of Theocritus, and

Moschus, and the other idyllic and nature-loving poets of Greece. He pitches his song in a higher and less homely key than did his elder brothers of the lyre; sings of nature in round and graceful notes, and reads the throbbing promise of his country's future in the glorious light of her eyes. Broadly and deeply sympathetic, he has but one altar in his heart, and this is dedicated to the service of his native land. The imperial note in his song, which is but a grace note, marks the ties of love and reverence which bind him to the mother-land—the Canadian note, strong and full, the patriotic service of chivalrous knighthood demanded of him at the sacred shrine of Duty and Country. Prophet that he is, he sees that the spirit of national development in Canada must go on—that it is widening and deepening—that the aspirations of this land of "the true North" have their roots down deep in the life-blood of a people with well-nigh three centuries of conquest and triumph lighting up the history of their past. This he feels to be the gospel of the throbbing hour, this he knows to be the burden of the people's hopes. And so the dominant note in the songs of the Canadian poets of to-day is one of ardent patriotism.

One of the chief of this young and promising band of singers is Charles G. D. Roberts, the author of five volumes of verse, each packed

full of rich poetic thought. Roberts has also written the best patriotic poem ("Canada") that has yet been produced in this country, while the general character of his workmanship is of such high order as to gain for him a large audience on both sides of the Atlantic. He is truly a virile writer, and possesses in an eminent degree that even wedding of thought and language so essential to the production of a first-rate poem. A little more simplicity and directness and somewhat less of classical form and method in his verse would, however, make Roberts more popular with the common people. Here is one of his poems which well illustrates the patriotic note in his verse. It is entitled "An Ode for the Canadian Confederacy":

"Awake, my country, the hour is great with change!
Under this gloom which yet obscures the land,
From ice-blue strait and stern Laurentian range
To where giant peaks our western bounds command,
A deep voice stirs, vibrating in men's ears
As if their own hearts throbbed that thunder forth,
A sound wherein who hearkens wisely hears
The voice of the desire of this strong North,—
This North whose heart of fire
Yet knows not its desire
Clearly, but dreams, and murmurs in the dream.
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!

"Awake, my country, the hour of dreams is done!
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate.
Tho' faint souls fear the keen confronting sun,
And fain would bid the morn of splendor wait;
Tho' dreamers, rapt in starry visions, cry,
'Lo, yon thy future, yon thy faith, thy fame!'
And stretch vain hands to stars, thy fame is nigh,
Here in Canadian hearth, and home, and name;—
This name which yet shall grow
Till all the nations know
Us for a patriot people, heart and hand
Loyal to our native earth, our own Canadian land!

"O strong hearts, guarding the birthright of our glory,
Worth your best blood this heritage that ye guard!
These mighty streams resplendent with our story,
These iron coasts by rage of seas unjarred,—
What fields of peace these bulwarks will secure!
What vales of plenty those calm floods supply!
Shall not our love this rough, sweet land make sure,
Her bounds preserve inviolate, though we die?
O strong hearts of the North,
Let flame your loyalty forth,
And put the craven and base to an open shame,
Till earth shall know the Child of Nations by her name!"

Roberts has published the following volumes of verse: "Orion, and Other Poems," "In Divers Tones," "Ave: An Ode for the Shelley Centenary," "Songs of the Common Day," "The Book of the Native," and "New York Nocturnes." A collective volume of his poems is to be published during the present year.

One of the most original and bold among the

younger Canadian poets of to-day—daring in his flights of song—is William Wilfred Campbell, best known as "The Poet of the Lakes." Campbell has a fine sense of color and form, and many of his lake lyrics catch up and embody in their lines the spirit of ever-changing hues, subtle and weird, that broods over the waters of our great Canadian lakes. It was not, however, the lake lyrics which brought Campbell most renown, but a unique poem, entitled "The Mother," which first appeared in a New York magazine in the spring of 1891. This poem was regarded by capable critics as one of the most remarkable poems that had appeared from an American pen for a great many years. Campbell shows at times great strength, and possesses resources of melody which might well be matched against the best music of Shelley or Swinburne.

The following poem, taken from "Lake Lyrics," will give the reader a hint as to the spirit and method of Campbell's work. It is entitled "Manitou," which is the largest island in Lake Huron, believed by the Indians to be sacred to Manitou when he makes his abode on earth. Do not the melody and manner of this poem at once call up Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden"?

"Girdled by Huron's throbbing and thunder
Out on the drift and lift of its blue;
Walled by mists from the world asunder,
Far from all hate and passion and wonder,
Lieth the isle of the Manitou.

"Here, where the surfs of the great lake trample,
Thundering time-worn caverns through,
Beating on rock-coasts aged and ample,
Reareth the Manitou's mist-walled temple,
Floored with forest and roofed with blue.

"Gray crag-battlements, seared and broken,
Keep these passes for ages to come;
Never a watchword here is spoken,
Never a single sign or token,
From hands that are motionless, lips that are dumb.

"Only the Sun-god rideth over,
Marking the seasons with track of flame;
Only the wild-fowl float and hover,—
Flocks of clouds whose white wings cover
Spaces on spaces without a name.

"Stretches of marsh and wild lake meadow,
Beaches that bend to the edge of the world;
Morn and even, suntime and shadow,
Wild flame of sunset over far meadow,
Fleets of white vapors sun-kissed and furled.

"Year by year the ages onward
Drift, but it lieth out here alone;
Earthward the mists, and the earth-mists sunward,
Starward the days, and the nights bloom dawnward,
Whisper the forests, the beaches make moan.

"Far from the world and its passions fleeting,
'Neath quiet of noonday and stillness of star,
Shore unto shore each sendeth greeting,
Where the only woe is the surf's wild beating
That throbs from the maddened lake afar."

Campbell has done some of his best work in the dramatic field. His two dramas, "Mordred" and "Hildebrand," published in 1895, give evidence that it may be in this department of literature our gifted young Canadian will yet attain his greatest success. One thing is certain, that Campbell has not yet reached his full poetic strength, his last book, "Beyond the Hills of Dream," being far in advance of his other volumes in poetic merit. His other published volumes are: "Snowflakes and Sunbeams," "Lake Lyrics" "The Dread Voyage," and "Mordred and Hildebrand."

Campbell's friends have noticed with distinct pleasure that his later work is informed with a more optimistic spirit—more of the sunlight of heaven—than characterized much of his earlier verse, particularly that found in his second volume, "The Dread Voyage."

The late Archibald Lampman published his first book of poems, "Among the Millet," in 1888, and the quality of that volume secured for the author at once a high place among the younger poets of Canada. Lampman was an

artist in every sense of the word, and as you read his polished productions you feel sure that he made Tennyson his master. It is not known how long it took the author of "Among the Millet" to give a setting to a single gem of thought in the workshop of his mind, but one is pretty certain that it must have been the labor of weeks, not days. Like his master, Tennyson, he owed much of his excellence to a keen sense and exquisite enjoyment of every species of beauty. His was a finely-tuned organization, capable of being touched by the most delicate shades and tones of external nature. If Lampman had any marked fault it was the tendency to dwell too long upon a given note. This tends to reveal in him too much of the artist and not enough of the poet. His work, however, was conscientious and his ideals high, and it is doubtful if any other Canadian poet has written as many poems of such even excellence.

This extract from a poem, entitled "Sebastian," which the author read at a meeting of the Royal Society of Canada, may give some insight into the spirit and character of Lampman's workmanship:

"Outside the wide waste waters gleam. The sun
Beats hot upon the roofs, and close at hand
The heavy river o'er its fall of rocks
Roars down in foam and spouted spray, and pounds

Its bed with solid thunder. Far away
Stretch the gray glimmering booms that pen the logs,—
Brown multitudes that from the northern waste
Have come by many a rushing stream,—and now
The river shepherds with their spiked poles
Herd them in flocks, and drive them like blind sheep
Unto the slaughterer's hand. Here in the mills,
Dim and low-roofed, cool with the scent of pines
And gusts from off the windy cataracts,
All day the crash and clamor shake the floors.
The immense chains move slowly on. All day
The pitiless saws creep up the dripping logs
With champ and sullen roar; or, round and shrill,
A glittering fury of invisible teeth,
Yell through the clacking boards. Sebastian turns
A moment's space, and through the great square door
Beholds as in a jarred and turbulent dream
The waste of logs and the long running crest
Of plunging water; farther still, beyond
The openings of the piered and buttressed bridge,
The rapid flashing into foam; and last
Northward, far drawn, above the misty shore,
The pale blue cloud-line of the summer hills.
So stands Sebastian, and with quiet eyes,
Wrapt forehead, and lips manfully closed,
Sees afar off, and through the heat and roar,
Beyond the jostling shadows and the throng;
Skirts the cool borders of an ampler world,
Decking the hour with visions. Yet his hands,
Grown sure and clock-like at their practised task,
Are not forgetful. Up the shaken slides
With splash and thunder come the groaning logs.
Sebastian grasps his cant-dog with light strength,
Drives into their dripping sides its iron fangs,
And one by one as with a giant's ease

Turns them and sets them toward the crashing saws.
So all day long and half the weary night
The mills roar on, the logs come shouldering in,
And the fierce light glares on the downward blades,
And the huge logs, and the wild crowd of men.
Through every hole and crack, through all the doors,
A stream upon the solid dark, it lights
The black, smooth races and the glimmering booms,
And turns the river's spouted spray to silver."

Lampman's published volumes, in addition to "Among the Millet," are: "Lyrics of Earth," and a complete edition of his poems, bearing the title, "Lampman's Poems," edited, with a beautiful memoir of the late poet, by his friend, Duncan Campbell Scott.

There are two Canadian poets who bear the name of Scott—Duncan Campbell and Frederick George. Both have done good work, though the spirit and method of the two are quite distinct. Duncan Campbell Scott has a delicate and refined touch and a quaintness and fancy all his own. He never beats out the ore of his thought too fine, but links jewel to jewel with an artistic skill which gives surety of the highest form of workmanship. He is very successful in French Canadian themes, and is probably at his best in such a poem as the following, which is a graphic picture of the dangers attending rafting:

## "AT THE CEDARS.

"You had two girls, Baptiste,
One is Virginie—
Hold hard, Baptiste,
Listen to me.

"The whole drive was jammed
In that bend at the Cedars;
The rapids were dammed
With the logs, tight rammed
And crammed; you might know
The devil had clinched them below.

"We worked three days—not a budge!
'She's as tight as a wedge
On the ledge,'
Says our foreman.
'Mon Dieu! boys, look here;
We must get this thing clear.'
He cursed at the men,
And we went for it then,
With our cant-dogs arow;
We just gave 'he ho he,'
When she gave a big shove
From above.

"The gang yelled, and tore
For the shore;
The logs gave a grind,
Like a wolf's jaws behind,
And as quick as a flash,
With a shove and a crash,
They went down in a mash.
But I, and ten more,
All but Isaac Dufour,
Were ashore.

"He leaped on a log in front of the rush,
And shot out from the bind,
While the jam roared behind;
As he floated along
He balanced his pole,
And tossed us a song;
But just as we cheered,
Up darted a log from the bottom,
Leaped thirty feet, fair and square,
And came down on his own.

"He went up like a block,
With a shock;
And when he was there
In the air
Kissed his hand
To the land.
When he dropped
My heart stopped,
For the first logs had caught him,
And crushed him;
When he rose in his place
There was blood on his face.

"There were some girls, Baptiste,
Picking berries on the hill-side,
Where the river curls, Baptiste,
You know—on the still side;
One was down by the water;
She saw Isaàc
Fall back.

"She didn't scream, Baptiste;
She launched her canoe,—
It did seem, Baptiste,
That she wanted to die, too;

For before you could think,
The birch cracked like a shell
In that rush of hell,
And I saw them both sink—

"Baptiste ! !

"He had two girls,
One is Virginie ;
What God calls the other
Is not known to me."

Scott has published two books of poems: "The Magic House," which appeared in 1893, and "Labor and the Angel," in 1898.

Rev. Frederick George Scott is a poet of great spirituality, much earnestness, sinewy strength, and a certain boldness of conception which borders at times on the sublime. His second volume of verse, "My Lattice," contains a poem, "Samson," which has brought its author much fame. The London *Speaker*, a high literary authority, considers it the best American poem that has been published for years. In justice to the author the whole poem is given here, as no extract would properly and adequately represent its sublime spirit and character:

"Plunged in night, I sit alone,
Eyeless, on this dungeon stone,
Naked, shaggy, and unkempt,
Dreaming dreams no soul hath dreamt.

"Rats and vermin round my feet
Play unharmed, companions sweet;
Spiders weave me overhead
Silken curtains for my bed.

"Day by day the mould I smell
Of this fungus-blistered cell;
Nightly in my haunted sleep
O'er my face the lizards creep.

"Gyves of iron scrape and burn
Wrists and ankles when I turn,
And my collared neck is raw
With the teeth of brass that gnaw.

"God of Israel, canst Thou see
All my fierce captivity?
Do Thy sinews feel my pains?
Hearest Thou the clanking chains?

"Thou who madest me so fair,
Strong and buoyant as the air,
Tall and noble as a tree,
With the passions of the sea,

"Swift as horse upon my feet,
Fierce as lion in my heat,
Rending, like a wisp of hay
All that dared withstand my way,—

"Canst Thou see me through the gloom
Of this subterranean tomb—
Blinded tiger in his den,
Once the lord and prince of men?

"Clay was I; the potter, Thou
With Thy thumb-nail smooth'dst my brow,
Roll'dst the spittle-moistened sands
Into limbs between Thy hands.

"Thou didst pour into my blood
Fury of the fire and flood,
And upon the boundless skies
Thou didst first unclose my eyes.

"And my breath of life was flame:
God-like from the source it came,
Whirling round, like furious wind,
Thoughts upgathered in the mind.

"Strong Thou mad'st me, till at length
All my weakness was my strength;
Tortured am I, blind and wrecked,
For a faulty architect.

"From the woman at my side
Was I, woman-like, to hide
What she asked me, as if fear
Could my iron heart come near?

"Nay, I scorned, and scorn again,
Cowards who their tongues restrain;
Cared I no more for Thy laws
Than a wind of scattered straws.

"When the earth quaked at my name,
And my blood was all aflame,
Who was I to lie, and cheat
Her who clung about my feet?

"From Thy open nostrils blow
Wind and tempest, rain and snow;
Dost Thou curse them, on their course,
For the fury of their force?

"Tortured am I, wracked and bowed,
But the soul within is proud;
Dungeon fetters cannot still
Forces of the tameless will.

"Israel's God, come down and see
All my fierce captivity;
Let Thy sinews feel my pains,
With Thy fingers lift my chains.

"Then with thunder loud and wild
Comfort Thou Thy rebel child,
And with lightning split in twain
Loveless heart and sightless brain.

"Give me splendor in my death—
Not this sickening dungeon breath,
Creeping down my blood like slime,
Till it wastes me in my prime.

"Give me back for one blind hour
Half my former rage and power;
And some giant crisis send,
Meet to prove a hero's end.

"Then, O God, Thy mercy show—
Crush him in the overthrow
At whose life they scorn and point,
By its greatness out of joint."

Perhaps, however, the form of verse in which the genius of Frederick George Scott has excelled many of his poetic brethren is that of the sonnet. If ever there is a volume of Canadian sonnets compiled, the strong and artistic work of our author in this department should receive full recognition. Frederick George Scott has published in all four volumes of poems: "The Soul's Quest," "My Lattice," "The Unnamed Lake," and "Poems Old and New."

In the form of poetic composition known as the drama the names of Charles Heavysege, Louis Frechette, John Hunter Duvar and Charles Mair hold the first places of honor. Heavysege's "Saul," as has been already stated, is a scriptural tragedy, while the dramas written by the other three are based chiefly upon Canadian historical incidents. Mair's Tecumseh presents a faithful study of Indian character and is of undoubted historical value. Considered as a closet drama it certainly is worthy of a place among the best works of its kind by New World writers.

Bliss Carman, a kinsman of Roberts, is another gifted singer generally regarded as one of the strongest of our Canadian poets. In reading Carman's poems one feels something of a Scandinavian influence at work. This, of course, may be merely a fancy, as Carman has

no kinship by blood with the land of the Vikings. His best work is marked by great strength, a restrained impetuosity, and an imagination clear and impressive. It has been charged by some critics that Carman's poems have about them a certain obscurity; but it is just possible that this credited want of clearness rests in the mind of the critic, not the author. One thing is certain, that his poetry is not obscured by too *many* words, but by too *few;* which is not a very bad fault in this age of loose thought and idle verbiage.

Carman has written so much virile poetry that one is at a loss to know what to quote to give the reader an idea of the strength and gift of his pen. His poem, "Death in April," is generally regarded as the finest thing he has ever written. Some of Carman's most marked characteristics as a poet are to be found in "Low Tide on Grand-Pré." Here it is:

"The sun goes down, and over all
These barren reaches by the tide
Such unelusive glories fall,
I almost dream they yet will bide
Until the coming of the tide.

"And yet I know that not for us,
By any ecstasy of dream,
He lingers to keep luminous
A little while the grievous stream,
Which frets, uncomforted of dream,—

"A grievous stream, that to and fro
Athrough the fields of Acadie
Goes wandering, as if to know
Why one beloved face should be
So long from home and Acadie!

"Was it a year, or lives ago,
We took the grasses in our hands,
And caught the summer flying low
Over the waving meadow lands,
And held it there between our hands?

"The while the river at our feet—
A drowsy inland meadow stream—
At set of sun the after-heat
Made running gold, and in the gleam
We freed our birch upon the stream.

"There down along the elms at dusk
We lifted dripping blade to drift,
Through twilight scented fine like musk,
Where night and gloom awhile uplift,
Nor sunder soul and soul adrift.

"And that we took into our hands—
Spirit of life or subtler thing—
Breathed on us there, and loosed the bands
Of death, and taught us, whispering,
The secret of some wonder-thing.

"Then all your face grew light, and seemed
To hold the shadow of the sun;
The evening faltered, and I deemed
That time was ripe, and years had done
Their wheeling underneath the sun.

"So all desire and all regret,
And fear and memory, were naught;
One to remember, or forget
The keen delight our hands had caught;
Morrow and yesterday were naught!

"The night has fallen, and the tide
Now and again comes drifting home,
Across these aching barrens wide,
A sigh like driven wind or foam:
In grief the flood is bursting home."

Bliss Carman has published eight volumes of verse: "Low Tide on Grand Pré," "Songs from Vagabondia," "A Seamark: Threnody for Robert Louis Stevenson," "Behind the Arras," "More Songs from Vagabondia," "Ballads of Lost Haven," "By the Aurelian Wall," and "Last Songs from Vagabondia." The three volumes of "Songs from Vagabondia" were written in collaboration with Richard Hovey.

Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart is known as "the Canadian Goldsmith." He writes poetry with all the felicity and charm peculiar to the author of "The Deserted Village." Lockhart lives in Maine, but his heart ever yearns for his native "Acadie." His poetry has a simplicity, beauty and repose all its own. It reflects a soul full of faith and hope and love. Like the late Dr. Rand, Lockhart's judgments in things literary are very valuable. There is no surge or passion

in his work, but the spirit of the true poet hallows all. He is a Millet in his love and idealization of simple rustic scenes, glorifying the common things of life and giving them a new and higher meaning in the vernacular of the soul.

It is not too much to say that Dr. Drummond, the author of a volume of French Canadian dialect verse bearing the title of "The Habitant," is the most popular poet in Canada to-day, and it is well to know that the charming personality of the man and the real merit of his poetic work are worthy of this. Dr. Drummond has done by far the best dialect work in Canada. He has written himself immortally into these French Canadian poems. It requires but little talent to set the foibles of a people to metre, but it calls for genius in touch with the lowly and divine to gather up the spiritual facts in a people's lives, and give these facts such artistic setting that both people and poems will live forever. This certainly Dr. Drummond has done. "Le Vieux Temps" and "How Bateese Came Home" are as fixed in the life and thought of Canada as is the citadel of Quebec.

Was ever affection for and love of home and country more beautifully, delicately and tenderly expressed than in the following lines from Drummond's "When Albani Sang":

"Dere's rosebush outside on our garden, ev'ry spring
it has got new nes',
But only wan bluebird is buil' dere, I know her
from all de res',
An' no matter de far she be flyin' away on de
winter tam,
Back to her own leetle rosebush she's comin' dere
jus' de sam'.

"We're not de beeg place on our Canton, mebbe
cole on de winter, too,
But de heart's 'Canayen' on our body, an' dat's
warm enough for true.
An' w'en All-ba-nee was got lonesome, for travel all
roun' de worl',
I hope she'll come home, lak de bluebird, an'
again be de Chambly girl!"

The poetic work of the late Theodore Harding Rand is to be found in two volumes, "At Minas Basin" and "Song Waves." It is all gold. There is not a weak poem in either book. Like Browning, Dr. Rand was first seer, then singer. "At Minas Basin" contains sufficient thought for four volumes of verse, and may be justly regarded as one of the rarest and most valuable books of Canadian poetry yet put forth. It is splendid with the purple of thought, it is royal with the richness of color and diction.

Mention should be made here of Dr. Rand's admirable volume, "A Treasury of Canadian Verse," which had been published but a few

weeks before the author's sudden and lamented death in 1900. It is a work displaying rare literary judgment and discrimination, and presents to the reader what may be justly considered as the best representative poems of our Canadian singers, together with an invaluable series of biographical notes on the authors represented in the volume.

Dr. Rand had a richly-dowered mind, and all his work, whether critical or creative, was full of thought and suggestiveness. This sonnet reflects to some extent the spirit of his muse:

"JUNE.

"Now weave the winds to music of June's lyre
Their bowers of cloud whence odorous blooms are flung
Far down the dells and cedarn vales among,—
See, lowly plains, sky-touched, to heaven aspire!
Now flash the golden robin's plumes with fire,
The bobolink is bubbling o'er with song,
And leafy trees, Æolian harps new-strung,
Murmur far notes blown from some starry choir.

"My heart thrills like the wilding sap to flowers,
And leaps as a swoln brook in summer rain
Past meadows green to the great sea untold.
O month divine, all fresh with falling showers,
Waft, waft from open heaven thy balm for pain,
Life and sweet Earth are young, God grows not old!"

A writer of much grace and finish is Most Rev. Cornelius O'Brien, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax, who is particularly happy in sonnet-building. Mgr. O'Brien's fine poetic work reveals the artist in every line. His chief work in verse is "Aminta: A Modern Life Drama."

Here is a beautiful sonnet which testifies to the poetic gifts of our poet-prelate:

"ST. CECILIA.

"A shell lies silent on a lonely shore;
High rocks and barren stand with frowning brow;
Hither no freighted ships e'er turn their prow
Their treasures on the fated sand to pour;
Afar the white-robed sea-gull loves to soar;
But, pure as victim for a nation's vow,
A lovely maiden strikes the shell, and now
Its music charms and sadness reigns no more.
Thus, Christian Poesy, thus on pagan coasts
For ages mute had lain thy sacred lyre,
Untouched since from the prophet's hand it fell,
Till fair Cecilia, taught by angel hosts,
Attuned its music to the heavenly choir,
And gave a Christian voice to Clio's shell."

John Henry Brown, of Ottawa, is a poet of humanity. He puts a great deal of thought in his work, making the music of his soul vassal to the higher philosophy of life. His volume of verse, entitled "Poems Lyrical and Dramatic," appeared in 1892.

The late Arthur Weir was a sweet and true

poet. He published in all three volumes of verse. Perhaps the chief characteristics of his work are simplicity and fidelity to truth. His three books of verse bear the titles: "Fleur de Lys," "The Romance of Sir Richard, Sonnets, and Other Poems," and "The Snowflake, and Other Poems."

Another young Canadian, Arthur J. Stringer, now a resident of New York, has written some strong and artistic poetry. This gifted writer has been especially successful in sonnet building. Stringer has published three volumes of poems: "Watchers of Twilight," "Pauline, and Other Poems," and "Epigrams."

Father Arthur Barry O'Neill has also struck a very tender and true note in his little volume, "Between Whiles." There is much of the simplicity and purity of the poetic genius of Father Faber in this good priest's work.

There are two poets of the older school—links between the present and the past—who are still with us and whose pens have not yet been laid aside. They are William Kirby, author of "Canadian Idylls," and John Reade, one of the sweetest and truest singers in Canada. Kirby may be regarded as the poet of the United Empire Loyalists, and has celebrated "in Wordsworthian verse the glories and goodness of those heroic people." Reade is a charm-

ing sonnet writer, and in this department of literary workmanship may be well classed with Richard Watson Gilder and Maurice Francis Egan. His volume of verse, "The Prophecy of Merlin, and Other Poems," is full of merit, and is characterized by beauty of thought, compression and true poetic feeling. Here is his fine sonnet on the occasion of Dr. Frechette's poems being crowned by the French Academy:

"TO LOUIS FRECHETTE.

"O gifted son of our dear land and thine,
We joy with thee on this thy joyous day,
And in thy laurel crown would fain entwine
A modest wreath of our own simple bay!
Shamrock and thistle and sweet roses gay,
Both red and white, with parted lips that smile,
Like some bright maiden of their native isle—
These, with the later maple, take, we pray,
To mingle with thy laurelled lily, long
Pride of the brave, and theme of poet's song.
They err who deem us aliens. Are not we
Bretons and Normans, too? North, south and west
Gave us, like you, of blood and speech their best,
Here, re-united, one great race to be."

Then, again, there is the Irish Canadian note and the Scottish Canadian note in the poetry of our country. D'Arcy McGee sang like an Irish linnet in exile under Canadian skies. His "Jacques Cartier" remains to-day one of the very best ballads ever written in Canada. J. K

Foran, late editor of the Montreal *True Witness*, published, in 1895, a volume of poems which entitles him to rank among our gifted Irish Canadian poets. Many of his lyrics in fire and passion are worthy of the poets of the Dublin *Nation*, whose spirit and method he most closely follows.

A new Celtic note recently added to the choral service of Canadian song is that of Rev. James B. Dollard, of Toronto. His recently published volume, "Irish Mist and Sunshine," is a distinct and valuable contribution to the wealth of Celtic poetry. It is veined with Irish legend, sweet with Irish melody, aflame with Irish patriotism, magical with the spirit and innate deftness that are peculiarly the poetic property of the Celt. Father Dollard by his graceful lyrics and strong ballads has already attracted wide attention on both sides of the Atlantic, and is generally regarded as the best writer of Irish ballads now living. Let this poem, full of mother-love, give a hint of the spirit and method of Father Dollard's poetic work :

"ON KENMARE HEAD.

"Sweet Mother of the Crucified,
Be nigh to aid me now.
My old eyes view the sad, gray sea
Beyond the cliff's high brow ;

The wide, gray sea that sullenly
Beats on the black rocks bare,
The while I moan, bereft and lone,
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

"Oh, bitter day I lost for aye
The dear ones of my soul!
And cruel sea!—'twixt them and me
How broad and bleak you roll!
Two graves are lying far away,
With none to kneel in pray'r—
And I, their mother, weeping here
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

"My Owen left our cabin door
A dreary winter day,
'Full quick I'll send ye gold galore
The heavy rent to pay.'
*Mo nuar!* 'twas the killing word
They sent from over there,—
'He's dying, and his love he sends
To those in Old Kenmare.'

"Then Mary, treasure of my life—
How sweet her modest grace!
My timid lamb, she left me, too,
The hard world-winds to face.
Poor child, her heart was broken soon
With all a strange land's care;
They laid her by her brother's side
Far, far from Old Kenmare.

"Now ever to my anguished soul
Their dying voices reach;
I hear them in the waves that roll
And sob along the beach.

I listen, and the crooning winds
Those last love-whispers bear
To me, their mother, waiting lone
On the Head of Old Kenmare.

"Sweet Mother of the Crucified,
Thy woes were greater far;
To thee an earthly mother prays,
Who art the Ocean's Star.
Thou, standing by the awful Cross,
Oh, strengthen me to bear
My sorrow, swelling like the sea
By the Head of Old Kenmare."

A comparatively new but strong and original voice in the academic groves of Canadian song is that of John Stuart Thomson. His first volume of verse, "Estabelle, and Other Poems," published in 1897, won for him immediate recognition among Canadian singers. His second volume, "A Day's Song," which has recently appeared, has added much to our young poet's growing fame. Thomson's genius is essentially lyrical, and lyrical of the finest quality. Love and nature are his two chief themes, and he sings of these with a feeling, delicacy and sincerity that mark him as a true poet. His place in Canadian literature will surely be a high one, for he has not yet, measured by years, nearly reached the noontide of his poetic powers. Some of Thomson's best qualities may be found in the following poem:

"THE LAST WATCH.

"The voice of the singer is dumb,
Where ye come,
Rose-summer sealed up sweet, and none to greet;
No throb of the lyre, or the air on fire;
Only the ghost of the spirit of heat.

"Here all that shall pass have gone by,
Gone to die;
Both those illumed by song, or dark with wrong;
The murmurs are stilled, as the player willed,
Only the pulse of the silence is strong.

"The call that came out of the east
Now has ceased;
The lover, who for fame had chose her name,
And others of earth, who to sorrow, mirth,
Power, gave their lives, find the end is the same.

"The arms of the night shall take hold
Of the old
Grim hills before unstirred; without a word
Of hope in the gloom, and shall bar the tomb;
Nor from the grave shall a protest be heard.

"Care, Grief, and the labor of Sin,
Ye closed in;
But that which warmed the flute, when it was mute:
The sound that had gone, when ye passed it on,
Where found ye that? do the wires make a lute?

There are yet to be considered a choir of Maritime singers who within recent years have been doing good poetic work. These are:

John Frederick Herbin, Francis Sherman, Rev. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton, Barry Straton and Theodore Roberts.

Herbin is of Acadian descent, and proves his lineage by the deep and kindly interest he has ever manifested in the fortunes of the Acadian people. His volume of verse, "The Marshlands," was published in 1899, and is full of the local color and haunting spirit of the old home of the Acadians. Like many of the Canadian poets, Herbin has done his best work as a sonnet builder. Take this, for instance:

"ACROSS THE DYKES.

"The dykes, half bare, are lying in the bath
Of quivering sunlight on this Sunday morn;
And bobolinks aflock make sweet the worn
Old places, where two centuries of swath
Have fallen to earth before the mower's path.
Across the dykes the bell's low sound is borne
From green Grand-Pré, abundant with the corn,
With milk and honey which it always hath!
And now I hear the Angelus ring far;
See faith bow many a head that suffered wrong
Near all these plains they wrested from the tide
The visions of their last great sorrows mar
The greenness of these meadows; in the song
Of birds I feel a tear that has not dried."

Sherman, who until recently resided in Fredericton, N.B., but is now holding a responsible position in Havana, Cuba, has published two

volumes of verse, "Matins" and "In Memorabilia Mortis," a booklet of sonnets. He has an artistic touch, and a good deal of poetic vision.

Eaton holds the first place among Canadian ballad writers. He has lived during most of his life in the United States, but nearly all his literary work has a distinctively Canadian flavor. In 1889 appeared his volume of poems, "Acadian Legends and Lyrics," which contains the best ballad work as yet done by any Canadian writer.

Straton is a kinsman of Charles G. D. Roberts, and has published two volumes of poems: "Lays of Love, and Miscellaneous Poems," and "The Building of the Bridge: An Idyl of the St. John." His work in verse has a good deal of color and individuality in it.

Theodore Roberts is a younger brother of Charles G. D. Roberts, poet and novelist, and shares with him the gift of song. His poems, together with those of his brother, William Carman, and his sister, Elizabeth Roberts-Macdonald, were published in 1890 under the title of "Lyrics of the Northland."

In Montreal reside two poets who connect us with the past of Canadian literature—George Murray and Carroll Ryan. Murray is an exquisite writer of either prose or verse, and belongs to that old school of scholarship in

which the creative faculty had first place. He has done good work as a writer of Canadian historical ballads, but it is, perhaps, as a translator of the lyrics of the French poets, Gautier, Hugo, De Musset, that Murray stands unique. He is the author of "Verses and Versions," published in 1891.

Ryan has seen a good deal of life as a journalist and soldier. His poetic genius is lyrical, and is Celtic in mode, mood and melody. His muse needs no coaxing, no caressing—it is ever ready for a flight of song. Ryan has published three volumes of poems: "Oscar, and Other Poems," "Songs of a Wanderer," and "Picture Poems."

Rev. William Wye Smith is also a link between the past and the present in Canadian literature. He has written some very admirable poems, such as "The Second Concession of Deer," descriptive of pioneer days in Ontario. His verse has a swing and movement in it which ever harmonizes with the character of the thought. His volume of poems, published in 1888, is entitled "Poems."

A writer of exquisite sonnets was Edward Burrough Brownlow ("Sarepta"), who died in Montreal in 1895. In 1896 the Pen and Pencil Club of Montreal published his poems under the title of "Orpheus, and Other Poems." His

sonnet on "The Sonnet" is equal to Wordsworth's, Rossetti's or Gilder's on the same subject. Here it is:

"The sonnet is a diamond flashing round
From every facet true rose-colored lights;
A gem of thought carved in poetic nights
To grace the brow of art by fancy crowned;
A miniature of soul wherein are found
Marvels of beauty and resplendent sights;
A drop of blood with which a lover writes
His heart's sad epitaph in its own bound;
A pearl gained from dark waters when the deep
Rocked in its frenzied passion; the last note
Heard from a heaven-saluting skylark's throat;
A cascade small flung in a canyon steep,
With crystal music. At this shrine of song
High priests of poesy have worshipped long."

Then there are Bernard McEvoy, Stuart Livingston, William P. McKenzie, William Douw Lighthall, Lyman C. Smith and Dr. Charles Edwin Jakeway.

McEvoy is a writer of breadth and sympathy. His volume of poems, "Away from Newspaperdom, and Other Poems," appeared in 1897.

Stuart Livingston has good narrative powers and considerable poetic insight. In 1894 appeared his volume of poems, "In Various Moods."

McKenzie has published four volumes of verse: "A Song of Trust," "Voices and Under-

tones," "Songs of the Human," and "Hearts-ease Hymns, and Other Verses." His work is characterized by much melody and grace.

Lighthall has published one volume of verse, which bears the title "Thoughts, Moods and Ideals." His work has in it a strong patriotic note, and is marked at times by lofty thought. Lighthall also edited "Songs of the Great Dominion," a volume which has done much to make Canadian poets known abroad.

Lyman C. Smith is the author of one volume of verse, "Mabel Gray, and Other Poems," containing some very sweet lyrics.

Dr. Jakeway has worked in the historical field of Canada, and in his volume of verse, "The Lion and the Lilies: A Tale of the Conquest, and Other Poems," he gives a number of historical ballads of a good deal of merit. His longest poem deals with the conquest of Canada by the English. Perhaps the best of his shorter Canadian ballads is "The Capture of Fort Detroit."

An erratic and uneven but gifted writer is R. K. Kernighan, known in journalism as "The Khan." He is very human-hearted, and has done some creditable work along the line of simple, homely themes. This poem may be said to represent fairly well the poetic genius of "The Khan":

## "PEEPY IS NOT DEAD.

"'If Peepy had lived,' the mother sighed,
'He'd be of age to day.'
She bowed her head as she softly cried—
The head that was turning gray.
Now one would think that Peepy was dead,
Underneath the snow:
One would think that Peepy was dead
Since seventeen years ago.

"'Tis true they hid poor Peepy away,
Down in the churchyard green,
And ever since that pitiful day
Peepy's never been seen.
No one has seen his curly head
Or heard his laughter flow;
But it doesn't follow that Peepy's been dead
Since seventeen years ago.

"They laid his toddling feet to rest;
They folded his fingers small
Around the lily upon his breast;
They laid him away—that's all.
They curtained his vacant trundle-bed
In his little room of woe;
They really thought that Peepy was dead
Seventeen years ago.

"But it wasn't Peepy they put to stay
Under the churchyard sod—
He's young and gay and strong to-day
Up in the realms of God.
He walks in the light by the Saviour's side,
The Saviour that loved him so;
So it's folly to think that Peepy died
Seventeen years ago.

"His form returned to its mother mould,
But his soul began to grow—
This is the story an angel told,
And I'm sure these things are so.
Creeds and churches bother my head,
But this one thing I know—
It isn't true that Peepy's been dead
Since seventeen years ago!"

The minstrelsy of the Scottish Gael is also not unknown in Canada, and is characterized by much sweetness and individuality. Dr. James MacGregor, in his sacred poems and songs; Archibald MacKillop, the blind bard of Quebec; Rev. Dr. Lamont, Marsden, and others, struck a true and lofty note, and are held in honor by their compatriots in the land of the Maple Leaf.

A venerable and well-known form for many years in the circle of Canadian poets, and a member of the Royal Society of Canada, was the Gaelic-English poet, Evan MacColl, the "Bard of Lochfyne." MacColl's best work was done in Scotland, but after his arrival in Canada he found time to embalm in verse glints of the beauty which reigns in the heart of Canadian scenery.

The dead speak not, and so the lyric hearts of Phillips Stewart and George Frederick Cameron no longer charm us with their strong, fresh notes. Both were full of promise, but, like

Shelley and Keats, died ere the morning of their years had ripened into full noontide. Canadians will not, however, willingly let die the memory of these two gifted and ardent young souls. Reference cannot be made even passingly to each and all of the Canadian writers of verse who out of the love and wisdom of their hearts have contributed a share to the upbuilding of the literature of Canada. If an attempt were made to tell the story of their labor of love,

"Ante diem clauso component Vesper Olympo."

There is the Honorable Joseph Howe, poet, journalist and statesman; John Talon-Lespérance, the polished and scholarly "Laclède" of the Montreal *Gazette;* Charles Pelham Mulvaney, a gifted graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, who composed with equal felicity English and Latin verse; Father Æneas McDonald Dawson, a notable figure for years in Canadian literary circles; George T. Lanigan, an exceptionally brilliant journalist, who wrote with equal ease and grace English and French verse; Alexander Rae Garvie, and McPherson, the early Nova Scotia singer—these are some of the poetic toilers of the morn, all of whom have passed away.

Much might be said of many other gifted

Canadian singers who have added to the wealth of Canadian poetry but who can find only mention in this paper: Rev. Dr. E. H. Dewart, editor of that valuable work, "Selections from the Canadian Poets," and author of "Songs of Life"; Rev. Duncan Anderson, author of "Lays of Canada"; Francis Blake Crofton, gifted as a prose and verse writer; Rev. Matthew Richey Knight, author of "Poems of Ten Years"; Donald McCaig, author of "Milestone Moods and Memories"; the late Sir James D. Edgar, author of "This Canada of Ours"; H. K. Cockin, author of "Gentleman Dick o' the Grays"; Rev. Dr. Withrow, a writer of polished verse and prose; F. L. D. Waters, author of "The Water Lily"; Rev. B. W. Lockhart, joint author with his brother, Rev. Arthur J. Lockhart, of "A Masque of Minstrels"; George Martin, author of "Marguerite; or, The Isle of Demons, and Other Poems"; Nicholas Flood Davin, author of "Eos: An Epic of the Dawn"; Rev. J. C. Hodgins, author of "A Sheaf of Sonnets"; William McDonnell, author of the original of the many poems entitled "Beautiful Snow"; H. M. Nickerson, known as "The Fisherman Poet," author of "Carols of the Coast"; Walter A. Ratcliffe; John Imrie, writer of many sweet and tender songs; Robert Reid, author of "Poems, Songs and Sonnets";

A. E. S. Smythe, author of "Poems Grave and Gay"; Andrew Ramsay, author of "The Canadian Lyre"; Frank L. Pollock, a promising young poet, now of New York; John E. Logan ("Barry Dane"); John Alliston Currie, author of "A Quartette of Lovers"; Hugh Cochrane, now a resident of London, England, author of two booklets of verse, "Rhyme and Roundelay," and "Ideal, and Other Poems"; William Talbot Allison; John MacFarlane, author of "Heather and Bluebell: Songs and Lyrics"; Dr. E. H. Stafford; Charles Dawson Shanly; T. A. Haultain; Isidore E. Ascher; J. R. Wilkinson, author of "Canadian Battlefields, and Other Poems"; John William Garvin, whose poems commemorative of the death of Queen Victoria and the accession of Edward VII. are not without considerable merit; G. W. Grote, who has also written several commemorative odes on the same subject; the late James De Mille, author of a volume of poems entitled "Behind the Veil"; E. N. Thompson; T. A. Dixon, the author of several dramas; T. C. Dean; William E. Hunt ("Keppel Strange"), a bright writer on the Montreal *Witness*, author of "Poems and Pastels"; K. L. Jones; Robert Reid, author of "Moorland Rhymes" and "Poems, Songs and Sonnets"; W. A. Sherwood; Hiram Ladd Spencer, author of two volumes of verse of much merit; James Ernest

Caldwell, author of "Songs of the Pines"; H. R. A. Pocock; the late S. J. Watson; the late Sir Daniel Wilson; and Rev. R. W. Wright, author of "The Dream of Columbus."

Nothing can be said in this paper of the sweet sopranos in our groves, as the character of their contribution to Canadian poetry is so distinct and important as to merit a separate study. In a subsequent paper will be found consideration of their work in prose and verse, under the title of "Canadian Women Writers."

It is well to know, too, that the glory of Canada's achievement in letters is yet in the future; that while the twilight of eve is gradually but surely shading the literary firmament of other lands, Canadian skies are rosy with the promise of the morn! Not yet, it is true, has come our Canadian Longfellow, our Canadian Tennyson, or our Canadian Browning. When he does appear he shall come dowered with the fullest gift of song, and shall catch up in that song something of the sublimity of our mountains, the azure of our Canadian skies, the light and glow of our Northern Star—something of the sweep and dash of our mighty rivers, the music and murmur of our blossoming prairies, the honest manhood of our marts and farms, the strong virtues of our homes and firesides, the tenderness of our mothers' prayers, the sweetness and purity of our maidens' hearts!

# CANADIAN WOMEN WRITERS.

ALL Canadians feel a just pride in the work of the women writers of Canada. They are a goodly and gifted band whose literary labors have added lustre to the intellectual achievement of our country. In poetry and in fiction, in history and in biography, in science and in art, the pens of our Canadian women have been indeed busy. Some of the sweetest and truest notes heard in the academic groves of Canadian song to-day come from our full-throated sopranos, while the recent strong work achieved in fiction by some three or four of our Canadian women amply testifies to their promise and performance in this domain of literature.

It is worthy of note that the Bourbon lilies had scarcely been snatched from the brow of New France when the hand and heart of woman were at work in Canadian literature. Twenty years before Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen had written "Castle Rack Rent" and "Pride and Prejudice," Mrs. Frances Brooke, wife of

the chaplain of the garrison at Quebec during the vice-regal *régime* of Sir Guy Carleton, published in London, England, the first Canadian novel, "The History of Emily Montague." This book, which was dedicated to the Governor of Canada, was first issued from the press in 1784.

It is true that the beginnings of Canadian literature were very modest, very unpretentious. While the country was in a formative condition, and the horizon of a comfortable civilization yet afar off, neither the men nor women of Canada had much time to build sonnets, plan novels, or chronicle the stirring deeds of each patriot pioneer. The epic man found in laying the forest giants low; the drama, in the passionate welfare of his family; and the lyric, in the smiles and tears of her who rocked and watched far into the night the tender and fragile flower that blossomed from their union and love.

But even the twilight days of civilization and settlement in our great Northland were not without the cheering promise of a literature indigenous and strong, in which can be distinctly traced the courage and heroism of man borne up by the boundless hope and love of woman. Together these twain fronted the primeval forest, and tamed it to their purpose and wants. Girdled with the mighty wilderness

in all its multiplying grandeur, the soul, though bowed by the hardships of the day, was stirred by the simple but sublime music of the forest, and drank in something of the glory and beauty of nature around. Poetic spirits, set in the very heart of the forest, sang of the varying and shifting aspects of nature—now of the silvery brooklet whispering at the door, now of the crimson-clad maple of the autumn-tide, now of the mystical and magical charms of that sweet season, "the summer of all saints."

Two names of women writers stand out conspicuous in early Canadian literature, and well deserve honorable mention. These are Susanna Moodie, one of the gifted Strickland sisters, and Rosanna Eleanor Leprohon. Mrs. Moodie's four sisters—Elizabeth, Agnes, Jane and Catharine—all made noteworthy contributions to the literature of their day; the "Lives of the Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland, being long regarded as the standard work on this subject. Mrs. Moodie, who may justly be regarded as the poet and chronicler of pioneer days in Ontario, lived chiefly near Peterboro'. Many of her poems were never published in book form, but sang their way from the pages of magazines and columns of newspapers into the hearts of the Canadian people—vibrant with the strong pulse of nature, and aglow with the

wild, fragrant gifts of glen and glade. Mrs. Moodie's published works are: "Enthusiasm, and Other Poems," "Roughing It in the Bush," "Life in the Clearings," and five novels, "Flora Lindsay," "Mark Hurdlestone," "The Gold Worshipper," "Geoffrey Moncton," and "Dorothy Chance."

Mrs. Leprohon resembled Mrs. Moodie in her gifts in that she was both poet and novelist. She did much during her life to foster and promote the growth of a national literature. Most of her novels deal with social life in Canada prior to and immediately after the conquest. Perhaps her best work in fiction is "Antoinette de Mirecourt." Simplicity and grace mark her productions in verse. Mrs. Leprohon lived in Montreal, and did her best work in the fifties.

There passed away in 1887, in the very noontide of her intellectual power, one of the most gifted and inspired hearts that have ever beat to the divine music of Canadian song—Isabella Valancy Crawford. Her death was truly a distinct loss to Canadian literature. Miss Crawford's poetic gift was eminently lyrical, full of music, color and originality. Truly, the heart that chambered such divine, delicate and imaginative thought as informs the following lines, beat in the upper air of poetic life:

"A star leant down and laid a silver hand
On the pale brow of death;
Before it roll'd black shadows from the land—
That star was Faith!

"Across fierce storms that hid the mountains far
In funeral cope,
Piercing the black there sailed a throbbing star—
The star was Hope!

"From God's vast palm a large sun grandly rolled,
O'er land and sea;
Its core of fire, its stretching hands of gold—
Large Charity!

Miss Crawford published but one volume of verse, "Old Spookses' Pass, Malcolm's Katie, and other Poems," which is royal throughout with the purple touch of genius. It is doubtful if any Canadian woman has yet appeared quite equal to this gifted singer in poetic endowment.

Nor has the grace and gift of woman's heart and hand been wanting in the early literature of our Canadian realms down by the sea. In Nova Scotia, where the versatile and gifted pen of Joseph Howe and the quaint humor of "Sam Slick" stirred and charmed as with a wizard's wand the people's hearts, the voice of woman was also heard in the very dawn of Canadian life and letters. Miss Clotilda Jennings and the two sisters, Mary E. and Sarah Herbert, glorified their country in poems worthy of the

literary promise which their young and ardent hearts were struggling to fulfil.

Mary Jane Katzmann Lawson, who died in Halifax, March, 1890, is another Canadian woman writer whose name will be long cherished in the literary annals of Nova Scotia. Mrs. Lawson was of notable literary lineage, her mother being a kinswoman of Prescott, the American historian. She was very industrious, and was a voluminous contributor to many of the leading periodicals of the day. Her poems, written too hurriedly, are uneven, and in some instances lack wholly the fashioning power of true inspiration. Some of her verse, however, gives evidence of considerable poetic genius; and while perhaps Mrs. Lawson did her best work as an historian, such poems as "Some Day," "Song of the Morning" and "Song of the Night" give proof that if her poetic powers had been carefully cultivated, and less prose fuel burnt upon the hearth, the poetic flame in her work would have been stronger and clearer and better defined.

There lived for many years near Niagara Falls, Ontario, a gifted woman who did not a little in the days of her strength for the fostering of Canadian letters. Louisa Murray was one of the colonizers of Canadian literature—she lived at its very dawn, when Sangster, Mac-

Lachlan, Heavysege and Mrs. Moodie dreamt and toiled. Miss Murray's chief poems are: "Merlin's Cave," "One Woman's Valentine," "Forsaken," and "Lines to the Memory of Alexander Skene." Some of her chief novels are: "The Cited Curate," "Within Sound of the Falls," "Mr. Gray's Strange Story," and The Letters of Long Arrow." Her death occurred in 1895.

It is but two years since death summoned from her literary toil the kindly and venerable authoress, Catharine Parr Traill, at the advanced age of ninety-eight. For nearly seventy-five years this clever and scholarly woman, worthy indeed of the genius of the Strickland family, was a contributor to Canadian literature from the wealth of her richly stored and cultivated mind. Now a tale, now a study of the wild flowers and shrubs of the Canadian forest, occupied her pen. Among Mrs. Traill's first published works were "Backwoods of Canada," "The Canadian Crusoes: A Tale of the Rice Lake Plains," "The Female Emigrant's Guide," "Lady Mary and Her Nurse," and "Rambles in the Canadian Forest." Later in life she published "Studies in Plant Life in Canada," "Pearls and Pebbles," and "Cot and Cradle Stories." There is certainly truth in the words of Lord Dufferin that "the freshness and beauty

of nature breathe through every chapter of her works." Mrs. Traill was truly great in the versatility of her gifts, the measure of her achievements, the crowning length of her years, and the sweetness of her life and character.

Like Desdemona in the play of "Othello," Mrs. J. Sadlier, the veteran novelist, now a resident of Canada, owes a double allegiance—to the city of Montreal and to the city of New York. The author of "The Blakes and Flanagans" and many other charming Irish stories has, however, been living for some years past in this country, and, while a resident of the Canadian metropolis, has helped to enrich the literature of Canada with the product of her richly dowered pen. In 1895 Notre Dame University, Indiana, conferred on Mrs. Sadlier the Laetare Medal as a recognition of her gifts and services as a Catholic writer. Among Mrs. Sadlier's chief works are: "Eleanor Preston," "The Confederate Chieftains," "Willy Burke," "The Blakes and Flanagans," and "Con O'Regan." In all, Mrs. Sadlier is the author of some sixty works, original and translated. One of her latest works has been the editing of "The Poems of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, with an Introduction and Biographical Sketch." Catholic literature owes much to this venerable and gifted woman, whose life of fourscore years is

beautiful in its literary devotion, simplicity and sincerity.

Sarah Anne Curzon, who recently passed away, had a virility of style and a security of touch that indicated at the same time a clear and robust mind. Her best and longest poem, "Laura Secord"—dramatic in spirit and form —has about it a masculinity and energy found in the work of no other Canadian woman. Mrs. Curzon was a woman of strong character and principles, and her writings shared in the strength of her judgments. Perhaps she may be best described as one who had the intellect of a man wedded to the heart of a woman.

One of the most gifted of Canadian women writers is Agnes Maule Machar. Miss Machar possesses a strong subjective faculty, joined to a keen sense of the artistic. The gift of her pen is both critical and creative, and her womanly and sympathetic mind is found in the van of every movement among Canadian women that has for its purpose a deeper and broader enlightenment based upon principles of wisdom, charity and love. Miss Machar is both a versatile and productive writer—novel, poem and *critique* flowing from her pen in quick succession, and with a grace and ease that betokens the life-long student and artist. An undertone of intense Canadian

patriotism is found running through all her work. Under the *nom de plume* of "Fidelis," she has contributed to nearly all the leading Canadian and American magazines. Her two best novels are entitled "For King and Country" and "Lost and Won." Among Miss Machar's published works in addition to those mentioned are: "Stories of New France," "Katie Johnston's Cross," "Marjorie's Canadian Winter," "Roland Graeme, Knight," "The Heir of Fairmount Grange," "Down the River to the Sea," and a book of poems, "Lays of the True North."

Quite a unique writer among Canadian women is Frances Harrison, better known in literary circles by her pen-name of "Seranus." Mrs. Harrison has a dainty and distinct style all her own, and her gift of song is both original and true. She has made a close study of themes which have their root in the French life of Canada, and her "half French heart" eminently qualifies her for the delicacy of her task. Indeed, it is doubtful if any other woman writer of to-day can handle so successfully that form of poetry known as the villanelle. Her book of poems, "Pine, Rose, and Fleur de Lis," has met with much favor at the hands of critics, while her prose sketches and magazine *critiques* prove her to be a woman of exquisite taste and judg-

ment in all things literary. Mrs. Harrison's latest work is a novel entitled "The Forest of Bourg-Marie," with its root in the village and woodland of French Canada. It is marked by some very fine character delineation, its atmosphere is true to French Canadian life and scene, while its story is of marked interest. In addition to the works already mentioned, Mrs. Harrison has published "Down the River, and other Poems," and a novel entitled "Crowded Out, and Other Stories."

There are two women writers in Nova Scotia who deserve more than a mere conventional notice. By the gift and grace of their pens Marshall Saunders and Grace Dean MacLeod-Rogers have won a large audience far beyond their native land. Miss Saunders is best known as the author of "Beautiful Joe," a story which won the five hundred dollar prize offered by the American Humane Society. So popular has been this humane tale that when published by a Philadelphia firm it reached the enormous sale of fifty thousand in eighteen months. "Beautiful Joe" has already been translated into Swedish, German and Japanese. The work is full of genius, heart and insight. One of the latest efforts of Miss Saunders has been a work of fiction, based upon the sad epic of the Acadian deportation and entitled "Rose à Charlitte."

It is a story well conceived and well told, full of sympathetic touches, true to the genius of the Acadian people, and true to the idealized facts of history. Not once does Miss Saunders in this interesting story violate literary art in her attitude towards or interpretation of the Catholic faith of the Acadian people. Other works by Miss Saunders are: "My Spanish Sailor," "Daisy," "Charles and His Lamb," "The King of the Park," "The House of Armour," and "For the Other Boy's Sake."

Mrs. Rogers, while widely different from Miss Saunders in her gifts as a writer, has been equally successful in her chosen field. She has made the legends and folk-lore of the old Acadian *régime* her special study. With a patience and gift of earnest research worthy of a true historian, Mrs. Rogers has visited every nook and corner of old Acadia where could be found stories linked to the life and labors of these interesting but ill-fated people. Side by side with Longfellow's ever popular story of Evangeline will now be read "Stories of the Land of Evangeline," by this clever Nova Scotia woman. Mrs. Rogers has an easy, graceful style which lends to the product of her pen an additional charm.

Connected with the Toronto and Montreal press are a number of Canadian women writers

who are adding to the intellectual lustre of Canadian womanhood. Chief among these is Kathleen Blake Coleman ("Kit"), of the Toronto *Mail and Empire.* What *Current Literature* said of Mrs. Coleman is assuredly true: "That no other woman on this continent exercises so direct an influence upon the prestige and success of a newspaper as Kathleen Blake Coleman." As a critic Mrs. Coleman has sympathy, insight, judgment and taste. She has published one or two works, but if you would learn something of the brilliancy and versatility of "Kit," it were well to follow her gifted pen in the journal to which she has been so loyal.

There are a trinity of women contributors associated with the Toronto *Globe:* Mrs. C. V. Fitz-Gibbon ("Lally Bernard"); Mrs. Brown ("Faith Fenton"); and Laura B. Durand ("Pharos").

Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon has made the Canadian North-West her literary camping-ground, and her letters from there descriptive of the Doukhobor settlements won on every side deserved commendation. Mrs. Fitz-Gibbon's style is clear, forcible, terse.

Mrs. Brown, who is at present a resident of Dawson City, in the Yukon, has been connected with Canadian journalism for nearly fifteen years. She has written for the Toronto

*Empire* and *Globe*, the New York *Sun*, and was for some time editor of the *Canadian Home Journal*. Mrs. Brown is equally felicitous as a writer of prose and verse.

Miss Durand's chief work is as a book reviewer on the Toronto *Globe*—a position which taxes scholarship, judgment and literary taste. Miss Durand's *critiques* prove her equal to all these exactions, and her reviews of fiction especially show that she knows well what constitutes the basis and true pith of a story.

Lily E. F. Barry is on the staff of the Montreal *Family Herald and Weekly Star*, and has done some very creditable journalistic work. Miss Barry wields a versatile pen, which is in itself a qualifying gift for the broad work of journalism.

A new name, and one which stands for great strength in Canadian literature, is that of Agnes C. Laut, whose first essay in fiction, "Lords of the North," has been an unqualified success. This novel is by far the best thing that has yet been done in fiction by any Canadian woman—indeed, it may be said to equal the very best of Canadian historical novels. The rush of incident, the dramatic movement, the truth of color, life, environment and fact in it, make of "Lords of the North" a story of fascinating interest and merit. A new novel of altruistic plan and purpose from this gifted writer will be anxiously

awaited. Miss Laut resides with her parents in Ottawa.

As a writer of strong and vigorous articles in support of the demands of women for a wider enfranchisement, Mary Russell Chesley, of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, stands at the head of the Canadian women of to-day. Mrs. Chesley is of Quaker descent, and possesses all a true Quaker's unbending resolve and high sense of freedom and equality. This clever controversialist, in defence of her views, has broken a lance with some of the leading minds of the United States and Canada, and in every instance has done credit to her sex and the cause she has espoused.

In Moncton, New Brunswick, lives Grace Campbell, another Maritime woman writer of note and merit. Miss Campbell holds views quite opposed to those of Mrs. Chesley on the woman question. They are best set forth by the author herself where she says: "The best way for a woman to win her rights is to be as true and charming a woman as possible, rather than an imitation man." As a writer Miss Campbell's gifts are versatile, and she has touched with equal success poem, story and review. She possesses a gift rare among women —the gift of humor.

There is an advantage in being descended

from literary greatness, provided the shadow of this greatness comes not too near. Anna T. Sadlier is the daughter of a gifted writer whose literary work has already been referred to. Miss Sadlier has done particularly good work in her translations from French and Italian, as well as in her biographical sketches and short stories. As a writer she is both strong and artistic. Some of Miss Sadlier's published works are: "Seven Years and Mair," "Names that Live," "Ethel Hamilton," "The King's Page," and "Women of Catholicity." Amongst her translations are: "Mathilda of Canossa," "Idols," "The Monk's Pardon," and "The Wonders of Lourde."

A writer who possesses singular richness of style is Kate Seymour McLean, of Kingston, Ontario. Mrs. McLean has not done much literary work during the past few years, but whenever the product of her pen graces our periodicals it bears the stamp of a richly cultivated mind.

Our larger Canadian cities have been not only the centres of trade, but also the centres of literary thought and culture. Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa and Toronto hold much that is best in the literary life of Canada.

Mrs. Harry Bottomley, *née* Kate Madeleine Barry, the novelist and essayist, resided till a

few years ago in Ottawa, the capital of the Dominion. This bright writer, while a resident of Ottawa, essayed two novels, "Honor Edgeworth" and "The Doctor's Daughter," both intended to depict certain phases of social life and character at the Canadian capital. In 1896 Mrs. Bottomley published in Dublin, Ireland, a most interesting and gracefully written work, entitled "Catharine McAuley and the Sisters of Mercy." Mrs. Bottomley has a bright and cultivated mind, philosophical in its grasp and insight, and exceedingly discriminating in its critical bearings.

Margaret Polson Murray, Maud Ogilvy and Blanche Lucile Macdonell are three Montreal women who have done good work with their pens. Mrs. Murray is wife of Prof. Clark Murray of McGill University, and is one of the leading musical and literary factors in the commercial metropolis of Canada. She was for some time the editor of the *Young Canadian*, a magazine which during its short-lived days was true to Canadian aspirations and thought. Mrs. Murray busies herself in such manifold ways that it is difficult to record her activities. Her best literary work has been done as Montreal, Ottawa and Washington correspondent of the Toronto *Week*. She has a versatile mind, great industry, and the very worthiest of ideals.

Miss Ogilvy is a very promising young writer whose work during the past ten years has attracted much attention among Canadian readers. She is best known as a novelist, being particularly successful in depicting life among the French habitants of Quebec. Two well-written though brief biographies—one of Hon. Sir J. J. C. Abbott, late Premier of Canada, and the other of Sir Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona)—are also the work of her pen. Miss Ogilvy is a thorough Canadian in every letter and line of her life-work. Her chief work of fiction is entitled "Marie Gourdon." She has also written "Bic Lighthouse."

Miss Macdonell is of English and French extraction. On her mother's side she holds kinship with Abbé Ferland, late Professor in Laval University, Quebec, and author of the well-known historical work, "Cours d'Histoire du Canada." Like Miss Ogilvy, Miss Macdonell has essayed novel writing with success, making the old French *régime* in Canada the chief field of her exploration and study. Two of her most successful novels are "The World's Great Altar Stairs" and "Diane of Ville Marie." The latter is a very good study of French Canadian life during the close of the seventeenth century. Miss Macdonell has written for many of the leading American periodicals, and has

gained an entrance into several journals in England. Her work is full-blooded and instinct with Canadian life and thought.

A patriotic and busy pen in Canadian letters is that of Janet Carnochan, of Niagara, Ontario. Miss Carnochan has made a thorough study of the Niagara frontier, and many of her themes in prose and verse have their root in its historic soil. She has been for many years a valued contributor to Canadian magazines, and has become so associated in the public mind with the life and history of the old town of Niagara that the Canadian people have grown to recognize her as the poet and historian of this quaint and eventful spot. Among Miss Carnochan's best poems are: "Fort George's Lonely Sycamore," "Golden Rod," and "Has Canada a History?" Her chief prose works include: "Two Frontier Churches," "The Early Schools of Niagara," "Niagara," "Niagara Library," "Niagara One Hundred Years Ago," "Centennial of St. Mark's Episcopal Church," and "The Centennial of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church."

Among the later Canadian women writers few have done stronger and better work than Mary Agnes FitzGibbon. Miss FitzGibbon is a granddaughter of Mrs. Moodie, and thus as a writer is to the manner born. Her best work is "A Veteran of 1812." This book contains the

stirring story of the life of Lieutenant-Colonel FitzGibbon — grandfather of the author — a gallant British officer who nobly upheld the military honor of Canada and England in the Niagara peninsula during the War of 1812. Every incident is charmingly told, and Miss FitzGibbon has in a marked degree the gift of a clear and graphic narrator. Miss FitzGibbon has also published "A Trip to Manitoba," "Home Work," and, in collaboration with Miss Sara Mickle, "The Cabot Calendar, 1497-1897," while as founder and secretary of the Women's Canadian Historical Society she has rendered invaluable service to Canadian history and literature.

A writer who accomplished a good deal in Canadian letters was the late Amy M. Berlinguet, of Three Rivers, Quebec, who died last year. Mrs. Berlinguet was a sister of Joseph Pope, secretary to the late Sir John A. Macdonald and author of the Life of that eminent Canadian statesman. Mrs. Berlinguet's strength lay in her descriptive powers and the clearness and readiness with which she could sketch a pen-picture. She wrote for some of the best magazines of the day.

In Halifax, Nova Scotia, resides a writer whose work has met with not a little favor. Emma Wells Dickson, whose pen-name is

"Stanford Eveleth," has many of the gifts of a true novelist. Her work "Miss Dexie," which is a romance of the provinces, is a bright tale told in a pleasant and captivating manner. Mrs. Dickson has also written a number of short stories for the press.

In the city of Vancouver, British Columbia, lives Lily Alice Lefevre, whose beautiful poem "The Spirit of the Carnival" won the hundred dollar prize offered by the Montreal *Witness*. Few of our Canadian women poets have a truer note of inspiration than Mrs. Lefevre. She writes little, but all her work bears the mark of real merit. Her volume of poems, "The Lion's Gate," recently published, is full of good things from cover to cover. Under the pen-name of "Fleurange" Mrs. Lefevre has contributed to many of the Canadian and American magazines.

Another writer on the Pacific coast is Mrs. Alfred J. Watt, best known in literary circles by her maiden name of Madge Robertson. Mrs. Watt has a facile pen in story writing, and has done some good work for several society and comic papers. She was for some time connected with the press of New York and Toronto. Her best work in fiction is entitled "Janet's Love and Service."

Another authoress who has lately come to the front in British Columbia is Mrs. Henshaw

("Julia Durham"). As a journalist and as the writer of two novels, entitled "Hypnotized" and "The Experiment of Sir Hugh Galbraith," she has achieved considerable success.

Far out on the prairie from the town of Regina, the capital of the Canadian North-West Territories, has recently come a voice fresh and strong. Kate Hayes ("Mary Markwell") knows well how to embody in a poem something of the rough life and atmosphere found in the prairie settlements of the West. Her poem "Rough Ben" is certainly unique of its kind. Miss Hayes has published two works, "Prairie Pot-Pourri" and "Shanty Songs and Stories." In addition to several dramatic pieces which have been successfully staged, Miss Hayes has also composed a number of excellent songs.

It is not often that the poetic gift is duplicated in its bestowal in a family. This, however, has been the case with the Robertses of Fredericton, New Brunswick. The English world is well acquainted with the work of Charles G. D. Roberts, one of the chief Canadian singers; but it is not generally known that all his brothers, and especially his sister, Elizabeth Gostwycke McDonald, share with him in the divine endowment of song. The work of Mrs. McDonald is both strong and artistic. True to that special attribute of femi-

nine genius, she writes best in the subjective mood. Under the guidance and kindly criticism of her elder brother, Mrs. McDonald has had set before her high literary ideals, and has acquired a style which has gained for her an entrance into some of the leading magazines of the day.

Perhaps one of the best-known women writers in Canada to-day is E. Pauline Johnson. Miss Johnson possesses a dual gift—that of poet and reciter. She has true poetic genius, and, apart from the novelty attached to her origin in being the daughter of a Mohawk chief, possesses the most original voice heard to-day in the groves of Canadian song. She has great insight, an artistic touch, and truth of impression. Her voice is far more than aboriginal—it is a voice which interprets not alone the hopes, joys and sorrows of her race, but also the beauty and glory of nature around. Miss Johnson is, on her mother's side, a kinswoman of W. D. Howells, the American novelist. Her volume of poems, "The White Wampum," is indeed a valuable contribution to Canadian poetry. Let this sweetly-melodious and music-haunting lyric exemplify the fine work of this gifted singer. Surely the genii of canoe and paddle presided over the upbuilding of its lines:

## "THE SONG MY PADDLE SINGS.

"West wind, blow from your prairie nest!
Blow from the mountains, blow from the west.
The sail is idle, the sailor too;
O! wind of the west, we wait for you.
Blow, blow!
I have wooed you so,
But never a favor you bestow.
You rock your cradle the hills between,
But scorn to notice my white lateen.

"I stow the sail, unship the mast:
I wooed you long, but my wooing's past;
My paddle will lull you into rest.
O! drowsy wind of the drowsy west,
Sleep, sleep,
By your mountain steep,
Or down where the prairie grasses sweep!
Now fold in slumber your laggard wings,
For soft is the song my paddle sings.

"August is laughing across the sky,
Laughing while paddle, canoe, and I
Drift, drift,
Where the hills uplift
On either side of the current swift.

"The river rolls in its rocky bed;
My paddle is plying its way ahead;
Dip, dip,
While the waters flip
In foam as over their breast we slip.

"And, oh, the river runs swifter now;
The eddies circle about my bow.
Swirl, swirl!
How the ripples curl
In many a dangerous pool awhirl!

"And forward far the rapids roar,
Fretting their margin for evermore.
Dash, dash!
With a mighty crash,
They seethe, and boil, and bound, and splash.

"Be strong, O paddle! be brave, canoe!
The reckless waves you must plunge into.
Reel, reel
On your trembling keel,
But never a fear my craft will feel.

"We've raced the rapid, we're far ahead!
The river slips through its silent bed.
Sway, sway,
As the bubbles spray,
And fall in tinkling tunes away.

"And up on the hills against the sky,
A fir tree, rocking its lullaby,
Swings, swings
Its emerald wings,
Swelling the song that my paddle sings."

A young writer whose work has attracted much attention lately is M. Amelia Fitche, of Halifax, Nova Scotia. Her novel, "Kerchiefs

to Hunt Souls," has been very favorably noticed in many of the magazine reviews of the day.

Constance Fairbanks is another Halifax woman who has done some creditable literary work. Miss Fairbanks was for some years assistant editor of the Halifax *Critic*. Her verse is strongly imaginative. In prose Miss Fairbanks has a well-balanced style, simple and smooth.

Helen M. Merrill, of Picton, Ontario, is an impressionist. She can transcribe to paper, in prose or verse, a mood of mind or nature with a fidelity truly remarkable. Her work in poetry is singularly vital and wholesome, and has in it in abundance the promise and element of growth. She is equally happy in prose or verse, and is so conscientious in her work that little coming from her pen has about it anything weak or inartistic. Miss Merrill writes as one with the mystery of nature around her and the key to its secrets in her heart. Her gift as a singer is a genuine one. Miss Merrill has not yet published her poems in book form. Her work, however, has found representation in all recent compilations of Canadian verse. Here is a little poem which to some extent testifies to the character of her work:

"WHEN THE GULLS COME IN.

"When the gulls come in, and the shallow sings
Fresh to the wind, and the bell-buoy rings,
And a spirit calls the soul from sleep
To follow over the flashing deep;

"When the gulls come in from the fields of space,
Vagrants out of a pathless place,
Waifs of the wind that dip and veer
In the gleaming sun where the land lies near,—

"Long they have wandered far and free,
Bedouin birds of the desert sea;
God only marked their devious flight,
God only followed them day and night,—

"Sailor o' mine, when the gulls come in,
And the shallow sings to the bell-buoy's din,
Look to thy ship and thy gods hard by,
There's a gale in the heart of the golden sky."

A name which stands for merit in Canadian literature is that of Helen Fairbairn, of Montreal. Miss Fairbairn has not a large literary output, but the quality of her work is in every instance good.

About four years ago Agnes Ethelwyn Wetherald, of Fenwick, Ontario, published a volume of verse, entitled "The House of the Trees, and Other Poems." It was the revelation of a truly poetic and gifted soul, singing as naturally and sweetly as a bird nestled in the

boughs of leafy June. There is no straining or hiding of thought in the work of Miss Wetherald; no gloom, no mysticism, but the wholesome sunshine of nature endows it with a charm —a subtle charm rarely found in the poetry of our day. It is doubtful, too, if any other Canadian poet has produced a rosary of sonnets superior to those contained in "The House of the Trees," for Miss Wetherald is essentially a sonnet writer whose workmanship in this department of verse entitles her to a high place among our Canadian writers. Let this short poem bear witness to the spirit and method of Miss Wetherald's work:

"THE HOUSE OF THE TREES.

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Wash me clean of dust and din,
Clothe me in your mood.

"Take me from the noisy light
To the sunless peace,
Where at mid-day standeth Night
Signing Toil's release.

"All your dusky twilight stores
To my senses give;
Take me in and lock the doors,
Show me how to live.

"Lift your leafy roof for me,
Part your yielding walls,
Let me wander lingeringly
Through your scented halls.

"Ope your doors and take me in,
Spirit of the wood;
Take me—make me next of kin
To your leafy brood."

If Miss Wetherald is the poetess of love, Jean Blewett is the poetess of that love transfigured and glorified by the virtues that blossom in Canadian homes. She sings sweetly and tenderly of the rosebuds of affection that transform humble cottages into palaces of delight, and touches with womanly sympathy a chord in the great heart-beat of life that finds ready response in every heart and home of our beloved Canada. Mrs. Blewett possesses a deep and rich nature, made deeper and richer by the wisdom of a kindly, gentle and womanly heart ever attuned to the higher and better things of life. Mrs. Blewett's first book, "Out of the Depths," was published when she was but nineteen years of age. Her volume of poems, "Songs of the Heart," appeared in 1897. It is difficult to say whether Mrs. Blewett is stronger in prose or verse. She reins her steeds about evenly. Stanley Waterloo, the well-known American writer, in a study of Mrs. Blewett's work, re-

veals the secret of her success in these words: "Mrs. Blewett possesses that subtle gift which ensures success as a writer—the power to make you hear and feel with her. Thus, she writes of a man, and you know him well—his virtues, vices and absurdities; she writes of a child at play, and you hear its laughter; of a wild bird nesting, and you see the shining head and bosom and catch the smell of leaves and moss and dew-wet grass." This gifted singer has a new volume of poems ready for publication. Here are a few lines that hint of the poetic beauty of its contents:

"THE FIRSTBORN.

"O glad sun, creeping through the casement wide!
A million blossoms have ye kissed since morn,
But none so sweet as this one at my side—
Touch soft the bit of love!—the babe newborn.
God's warmth is he—my soul is all aflame;
With pain of travail I am weak and spent,
Yet glad—nay, gladness is too weak a name
For all this rapturous glow, this full content."

Down by the sea in Clementsport, Nova Scotia, the name of Irene Elder Morton stands for good poetic workmanship. Nova Scotia, with its tonic thought and romance-clad vales, has nursed many a gifted child of song. Heaven has been indeed kind to those vital children of

the East in that they have been privileged to bear away to their Nova Scotia homes from the altar of Song much poetic fire. Mrs. Morton's work in verse is strongly subjective. Her chamber of thought is filled with good things of the soul, with the large gifts of life, with purple morns and golden eventides. Too many of the women poets of our day put aches in their lines—key their verse to doubt and despair. It reflects a degeneration of life, for if the heart of woman cease to be optimistic, cease to idealize the lowly things of this world, and find not good in everything, there is little hope for the moral advancement of the race. Mrs. Morton's poems, which are well represented in Dr. Rand's "Treasury of Canadian Verse," have not yet been published in book form.

Annie Campbell Huestis, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, is the youngest of the nest of Canadian songsters whose grace, gifts and heart-notes are fast winning for them a wide audience in the land of the Maple Leaf. Miss Huestis, who is but twenty-three, has already, in her occasional verses contributed to various magazines and journals, given evidence of genuine poetic endowment. Sometimes her work lacks definiteness, but it has a spontaneity in it that bespeaks true inspiration. Not the least merit, too, of Miss Huestis's work is the strong and original

thought it embodies. She is much more than a singer—a mere melodist; she is a true idealist and dreamer whose concrete creations body forth the beautiful world of the soul. Here is a very original poem from her pen:

"GOD'S LULLABY.

"Hushaby! Hushaby!
Who shall make a lullaby?
Who shall sing a quiet song our weary eyes to close?
Grief and pain and fretfulness,—
Oh, to find forgetfulness!
Oh, to feel again the charm the tired baby knows!

"Hushaby! Hushaby!
Who shall make a lullaby?
Night has known our restlessness and day has pressed us sore;
Bitter are the years and long,—
Oh, to hear a mother's song!
Oh, to hide away and sleep till Time can vex no more!

"Patiently, quietly,
Let your time of waiting be,
The twilight throws about your feet its shadows cool and gray;
Here's a hand upon your eyes
Light and sweet with lullabys,—
Here's the strangest song of all to hush your cares away!

"Hushaby! Hushaby!
Here's a bed where you shall lie;
Death shall be your mother, she shall sing you from your pain;
Hushaby! for, safe and deep,
You shall hide away and sleep,—
Sleep untroubled through the dark, a little child again.

"Hushaby! Hushaby!
Beautiful it is to die;
The turning of the silent world shall be your cradle swing.
Oh, full sweet and motherly,
Death shall lift her voice for thee!
God hath taught her from His heart a lullaby to sing."

Emily McManus, of Bath, Ontario, is a name not unknown to Canadian readers. Her work in prose and verse is marked by naturalness and strength. Though busily engaged in her profession as a teacher, Miss McManus finds time to write some charming bits of verse for Canadian journals and magazines. Among the best known of her poems are "Manitoba," "Canada," and "Robert Browning." Miss McManus has also published several stories.

There are three Canadian women now residing out of Canada who properly belong to the land of the Maple Leaf by reason of their birth, education and literary beginnings. These

are Mrs. Everard Cotes, of Calcutta, India, better known by her maiden name of Sara Jeannette Duncan; Helen Gregory-Flesher, of Faribault, Minnesota; and Sophie Almon-Hensley, of New York.

Mrs. Cotes is one of the most gifted of our Canadian women writers. She flashed across the literary sky of her native land with a splendor almost dazzling in its brightness and strength. Her first work, entitled "A Social Departure," gained for her immediate fame, and this was soon followed by a second book, "An American Girl in London." Mrs. Cotes has a happy element of humor, which counts for much in writing. Since her residence in the Orient the author of "A Social Departure" has devoted herself chiefly to the writing of stories descriptive of Anglo-Indian life. Two of these, "The Story of Sonny Sahib" and "The Path of a Star," are charming tales. It will be a long time indeed before the name of Sara Jeannette Duncan is forgotten in the literary circles of Canada.

Mrs. Flesher is another of the bright women writers of the land of the Maple Leaf. She has had a most scholarly career. Her university courses in music and arts placed her upon a vantage ground which she has strengthened by her own unceasing labor and industry. Mrs.

Flesher is an able critic, a good story writer, and an accomplished musician. She was for some time editor of the *Search-Light*, a San Francisco monthly publication devoted to the advancement of woman. At present she is doing work for a number of leading American magazines.

Mrs. Hensley, who resides in New York, is both poet and novelist, and is regarded by competent critics as one of Canada's best sonnet writers. Sincerity and truth mark all her work. When quite young, Mrs. Hensley, who was then residing in the collegiate town of Windsor, Nova Scotia, submitted her productions to the criticism and approbation of her friend, Charles G. D. Roberts, and this in some measure explains the high ideal in her work. In 1895 she published a volume of verse entitled "A Woman's Love-Letters," which greatly added to her reputation as a writer. Mrs. Hensley holds kinship with Cotton Mather, the colonial writer and author. At present she is giving her time chiefly to story writing, and is meeting with much success. This fine sonnet from Mrs. Hensley's pen, which finds a place in Douglas Sladen's "Younger American Poets," exemplifies the character of her poetic work:

"TRIUMPH.

"The sky, grown dull through many waiting days,
Flashed into crimson with the sunrise charm;
So all my love, aroused to vague alarm,
Flushed into fire, and burned with eager blaze.
I saw thee not as suppliant, with still gaze
Of pleading, but as victor,—and thine arm
Gathered me fast into embraces warm,
And I was taught the light of Love's dear ways.

This day of triumph is no longer thine,
Oh, conqueror, in calm exclusive power,—
As evermore, through storm, and shade, and shine,
Your woe my pain, your joy my ecstasy,
We breathe together,—so this blessed hour
Of self-surrender makes my jubilee!"

In Chicago there resides a bright woman who, though living under an alien sky, is proud to consider Canada her home. Mrs. L. L. Summers (*née* Eve Brodlique) is justly regarded as one of the cleverest women writers in the West. Since her connection with the Chicago press, some ten years ago, she has achieved a reputation which adds lustre to the work accomplished by woman in journalism. In 1896 she produced a one-act play, entitled "A Training School for Lovers," which met with much success on the stage.

No estimate of Canadian women writers would be complete with the name of Lily Dougall omitted. Miss Dougall is a Canadian

girl who a few years ago chose Edinburgh, Scotland, as her home .As a writer she is both strong and original. Her best work will be found in "Beggars All," "The Mermaid," "The Madonna of a Day," and "The Mormon Prophet." Her other chief works are: "What Necessity Knows," "A Question of Faith," and "The Zeit Geist." Canada usually furnishes Miss Dougall the background for her tales.

Another Canadian woman writer who has done excellent work is Jean Newton McIlwraith, of Hamilton, Ontario. Miss McIlwraith has been a contributor for some years to many of the leading American magazines. Her novel "The Making of Mary" was published in London in 1895. In 1897 she completed, in collaboration with William McLennan, an historical romance, entitled "The Span o' Life," for the Harpers, of New York. This has been dramatized. Her last work of fiction, "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell," is an historical romance and promises to be very successful. Miss McIlwraith has also written an admirable "History of Canada" for young readers, and two critical works dealing with Shakspere and Longfellow.

Joanna E. Wood, of Queenston, Ontario, has also been doing some creditable work in fiction during the past four years. She develops her

plot well, subordinates skilfully her minor incidents, and leads the mind of the reader up to the *dénouement* with an expectancy that never abates till character or plot has been clinched by the catastrophe. Miss Wood is very successful in her delineation of male characters, but some of her women seem to lack life and strength. Of her three novels, "Judith Moore," "A Daughter of Witches," and "The Untempered Wind," the latter is generally regarded as her best. Miss Wood may, however, be considered as one of a quartette of Canadian women writers who give promise of contributing something permanent to the wealth of Canadian fiction.

Mary B. Sandford, now resident in New York, is a Canadian woman whose pen has been busy for many years. She has been a most voluminous contributor to the press, and has written for such high-class magazines as the *North American Review*, the New York *Independent*, and the New York *Critic*. In 1897 Miss Sandford published "The Romance of a Jesuit Mission," which attracted much attention. She is generally regarded as a clever author and bright journalist.

Annie Howells Frechette, of Ottawa, sister of W. D. Howells, the American novelist, is a woman of good literary gifts. Her husband is a

brother of Dr. Louis Frechette, the well-known French Canadian poet. Mrs. Frechette is especially successful as a writer of short stories and sketches of travel. She is the author of the following works: "Reuben Dale," "The Farm's Little People," "On Grandfather's Farm," and "Summer Watering Places on the St. Lawrence."

Annie Robertson-Logan, wife of Daniel Logan, of Montreal, has done some creditable literary work. Mrs. Logan is a native of St. John, N.B., and as a critic has done literary work for several leading American journals. She has published one novel, entitled "Children of the Hearth."

There are some gifted French Canadian women writers who are deserving of a place in this paper—Mesdames Dandurand, Thibault and Gérin-Lajoie, and Mlles. Angers and Beaupré.

Mme. Raoul Dandurand, of Montreal, is a daughter of the late Hon. F. G. Marchand, Premier of Quebec. She inherits her literary brilliancy from her father, who was one of the most gifted writers in prose and verse of Quebec. Madame Dandurand has published the following works: "Contes de Noel," "Une Rancune," "La Carte Postale," and "Le Langage des Fleurs"—the latter three, comedies.

Mme. Duval Thibault (*née* Anne Marie Duval), who is now a resident of the United States, published a graceful collection of poems, bearing the title "Fleurs de Printemps," in 1892. The poems exhibit great resources of melody and versification, and are replete with the spirit and atmosphere of genuine poetry.

Mme. Henri Gérin-Lajoie (*née* Marie Lacoste) has given her attention to sociological questions affecting the status and position of woman. She is a clear and vigorous writer on any subject which she espouses.

Mlle. Félicité Angers ("Laure Conan") is a writer of fiction, and has the honor of being the first French Canadian woman to produce a novel. Her first romance, entitled "Un Amour Vrai," was published by the *Revue de Montréal* in 1877. Then followed "Angeline de Montbrun" and "Si les Canadiennes les Voulaient." The veteran French Canadian *litterateur*, Abbé Casgrain, considers Mlle. Angers to be the Canadian Eugénie de Guérin.

Mlle. Beaupré is a young French Canadian poetess of much merit. Her work is full of inspiration, and is characterized by grace and simplicity. Among her best poems may be mentioned, "Souvenir de Seize Ans," "La Première Communiante," "Lorenzo," and "Le Brin d'Herbe."

At Chateauguay, Quebec, lives Annie L. Jack, whose pen has made worthy contributions to Canadian literature during the past few years. She is equally successful as a writer of prose and verse. Mrs. Jack was a personal friend of the poet Whittier, who valued very highly her clever articles on gardening.

Two other Maritime women writers are worthy of a place in this paper—Elizabeth Stuart MacLeod, of Charlottetown, P.E.I., and Jean E. U. Nealis, of Fredericton, N.B. The latter is now a resident of New York.

Mrs. MacLeod has added to Canadian song the note of sturdy Scotch democracy. She loves justice and hates wrong, and this is a key to the gospel of her inspired work in verse. One can imagine Mrs. MacLeod some day publishing a volume entitled "Ballads of Freedom," and in the noble poetic heart of this good woman such freedom would know no race limitation. Like Evan MacColl and Alexander MacLachlan in Ontario, this Prince Edward Island singer, who had birth in the land of Burns, strikes, too, a note of Canadian patriotism that vibrates with the very loftiest national aspiration. Mrs. MacLeod's published volume of verse, "Carols of Canada," contains poems of a good deal of merit. Such lyrics as "The Heather Bell," "Canada," "The Olden Flag,"

and "St. Patrick's Day," while not faultless in technique, are full of real poetic thought and music. Absolute sincerity marks the entire work of this sweet Scottish Canadian singer.

Mrs. Nealis published, a few years ago, a book of verse, entitled "Drift," which attracted considerable attention. Since then the work of this gifted singer has found ready acceptance in many of the American magazines and leading journals of the day. Her work is marked by grace, delicacy and naturalness. This is a sweet little poem from the pen of Mrs. Nealis, with much of the poetic spirit of Adelaide Procter in it:

"DOVES.

"I heard a sweet bell ring to call
The faint and hungry to His banquet sweet,
And, like a flock of startled doves,
Each answering a call she loves,
I saw His chosen nestle near His feet,

"Their white hoods waving, like the wings
Of doves around the temple gates of old:
Perhaps, I thought, it *may* be so,
They pray for those who dare not go
To feast with them because of hearts so cold!

'At that the tears came, one by one
Falling upon my pain-wrung hands—so fast!
It must have been some strained heart-string
That with new hope was vibrating,
Because their garments touched me as they passed!"

Mary Morgan ("Gowan Lea") lived for many years in Montreal, and nearly all her best poetic work was done while a resident of that city. She is a gifted and accomplished woman, schooled in the discipline of deep, intellectual thought. Miss Morgan has published two volumes of verse, "Woodnotes in the Gloaming," and "Sonnets from Switzerland," both of which contain poems of a high order of merit. Her muse is lyrical, and its subjectivity is marked by those reflective moods of the soul peculiar to calm, cultured minds. At present Miss Morgan lives in Devonshire, England.

Annie Rothwell-Christie, of North Gower, Ontario, is the author of four novels: "Alice Gray," "Edged Tools," "Requital," and "Loved I Not Honor More." Mrs. Christie's claim to literary recognition among Canadian women writers rests chiefly on the excellence of some of her verse. A fine spirit of Canadian patriotism permeates all her poetic work. She is perhaps strongest as a writer of war songs. So capable a critic as Sir Edwin Arnold wrote of her war lyrics: "The best war songs of the Canadian half-breed rebellion were written by Annie Rothwell."

Alice M. Ardagh ("Esperance"), of Barrie, and Amy Parkinson, of Toronto, deserve also a place among the women singers of Canada.

Miss Ardagh's work is marked by grace and poetic vision. Miss Parkinson has published two booklets of verse, "Love Through All," and "In His Keeping." Her work is chiefly devotional, and has in it much of the sweet spirit found in the poems of Frances Ridley Havergal. It is a benediction set to the music of eternity.

The late Pamelia Vining Yule, who died at Ingersoll in 1896, was a writer of much merit. Her poems are full of music, color and spontaneity. Mrs. Yule's work finds representation in Dr. Rand's "Treasury of Canadian Verse." A volume of her poems, bearing the title "Poems of the Heart and Home," was published in 1881.

Virna Sheard, of Toronto, is a new writer who promises to do good work. She has already made quite a success with her novel, "Trevelyan's Little Daughters." Mrs. Sheard is now contributing a number of stories to current magazines, which give evidence of her growing powers as a writer of fiction.

Kathleen Macfarlane Lizars and her sister Robina (Mrs. Smith) are two writers who have published during the past few years three works in collaboration. These are: "In the Days of the Canada Company," "Humours of '37: Grave, Gay and Grim," and "Committed to

His Charge." There is ample evidence in these three volumes that the authors are bright, talented women who possess a literary style at once individual and attractive. The first two works have a distinct historical value, while the third is a work of fiction possessing no little merit.

The Right Honorable Sarah Agnes Macdonald, Baroness of Earnscliffe, is a Canadian woman who has not only done graceful work with her own pen, but has been the kind friend of many a Canadian literary toiler during the past quarter of a century. Baroness Macdonald has written chiefly for *Murray's Magazine*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and the *Pall Mall Magazine*, her articles being generally descriptive of some phase of Canadian life and scenery.

Emily P. Weaver is the author of several works of fiction that have attracted not a little attention. Chief among these are: "My Lady Nell," "The Rabbi's Sons" and "Prince Rupert's Namesake." Miss Weaver also won a two hundred dollar prize in the Dominion history competition. Her history was published last year with the title "Canadian History for Boys and Girls."

Mrs. M. Forsyth Grant and Mrs. E. J. Fessenden are two Canadian women writers whose literary and patriotic activities are worthy of

being recorded in this paper. Mrs. Grant, who is the author of an interesting volume, "Scenes from Hawaii; or, Life in the Sandwich Islands," is a valued member of the Women's Canadian Historical Society, while Mrs. Fessenden is well known as a contributor to the press on current topics and as the author of "Our Union Jack."

Lady Edgar has also done good work in the Canadian historical field through the publication of her volume, "Ten Years of Upper Canada in Peace and War, 1805-1815."

Mrs. Emily Cummings, of Toronto, is a name well known among the women writers of Canada. Mrs. Cummings has done a good deal of clever journalistic work in connection with the Toronto *Globe* and *Empire*. She generally writes under the *nom de plume* of "Sama."

Another Toronto woman whose pen is busy and graceful is Mrs. Grace Elizabeth Denison. Mrs. Denison is the authoress of a volume bearing the title, "A Happy Holiday: A Tour through Europe," and is a generous contributor to the periodical press.

A promising young authoress whose work is attracting attention is Anna May Wilson, of Chatsworth. One of Miss Wilson's first literary efforts was the story "The Days of Mohammed," which won a thousand dollar prize offered by a well-known Chicago pub-

lisher, and when published had a wide sale. Other stories have followed, and Miss Wilson's friends confidently predict for her a successful career.

Margaret H. Alden, now a resident of Saginaw, Michigan, has added, too, some sweet notes to the choir of Canadian women singers. Mrs. Alden, who is a sister of E. W. Thomson, author of "Old Man Savarin," has published several booklets of verse. This beautiful little poem, full of delicacy and tenderness, is a key to the gift of her poetic heart:

"MOTHER'S WORLD.

"Eyes of blue and hair of gold,
Cheeks all brown with summer tan,
Lips that much of laughter hold,
That is Mother's Little Man.

"Shining curls like chestnuts brown,
Long-lashed eyes, demure and staid,
Sweetest face in all the town,
That is Mother's Little Maid.

"Dainty room with snow-white beds,
Where, like flowers with petals curled,
Rest in peace two dreaming heads,
That—is Mother's Little World!"

Robertine Barry, a writer on the staff of *La Patrie*, of Montreal, better known by her pen-name "Francoise," is another Canadian woman

who has done some excellent literary and journalistic work. Miss Barry is of Irish and French extraction, a fact in itself which may explain her fine literary endowment and the brilliant character of her work. In 1895 this clever authoress published a collection of stories and sketches under the title of "Fleurs Champêtres."

Marjorie MacMurchy, Amelia B. Warnock ("Katherine Hale") and Katherine L. Lawson ("Katherine Leslie") connected respectively with the Toronto *Globe*, *Mail and Empire*, and *World*, are also doing bright and creditable journalistic work.

Other names deserving of enrolment in this paper are: Mrs. E. Jeffers Graham, Annie G. Savigny, Mrs. E. Mason, Maria Elise Lauder, Mary McKay Scott, Mrs. Isabelle E. Mackay, Maud Pettit, Blanche Bishop, Mrs. Eva Rose Yorke, Mrs. Emma O'Sullivan, Maud Regan, Rose Ferguson, and Margaret Hart. All have contributed poems, sketches and stories of considerable merit. Miss Scott, who is the founder and editor of the *Woman's Journal*, a periodical with a wide circulation, is a clever, forcible and scholarly writer. Mrs. Graham's "Etchings from a Parsonage Veranda" possesses a flavor of humor at once genial and quaint. Miss Regan won against all competitors the prize offered by the Boston *Pilot* for the best essay

on George Washington. Miss Hart's clever work in journalism is well known, while some of Miss Ferguson's poems give evidence of true inspiration.

The genius of our Canadian women has indeed been fruitful in literary achievement, but no brief article such as this can hope to do justice to its quality or its worth. The feminine gift is a distinct endowment—it is the gift of grace, insight and a noble subjectivity. Take the feminine element out of literature, remove the sopranos from our groves, and how dull and flat would be the grand, sweet song of life!

There are undoubtedly many names well worthy of a place in this paper which space excludes. Yet their good work will not remain unchronicled or unheeded. Their sonnets and their songs, and their highest creations nursed out by the gift of heart and brain, will have an abiding place in Canadian life and letters, consecrating it with all the strength and sweetness of a woman's devotion and love. The twentieth century has opened its portals, and the wisdom of prophetic minds has enthroned it as the century of woman. Already is it recognized on all sides that the consummation—the ultimate perfection—of the race must be wrought out through the moral excellence of woman. Seeing, then, that the gift of song has its root in

spiritual endowment, what poetic possibilities may we not expect from the future? May we not with confidence look to woman to embody this divinity of excellence, and crown with her voice the choral service of every land?

# FRENCH CANADIAN LIFE AND LITERATURE.

A STRANGER visiting the Province of Quebec, or, as we shall designate it here, French Canada, realizes at once that he is among a people differentiated in life, language, institutions and customs from the inhabitants of Ontario, Nova Scotia and the New England States. He feels about him the atmosphere of French life and thought, and finds himself face to face with one of the most remarkable phenomena of modern times—the phenomenon of a people, planted upon the banks of the St. Lawrence nearly three centuries ago, maintaining in fullest integrity their homogeneity amid the disintegrating influences of altered political institutions and the resistless sweep of Anglo-Saxon speech and commercial domination. It is a phenomenon which contradicts the very philosophy and teachings of history, for were it to accord with the teachings of history, then the English conquerors who, in 1759, replaced the French standard with the ensign of Great Britain, should have long since absorbed and assimilated

the conquered race. But the French of Quebec have resisted all assimilation. Nay, more, they have not only continued to flourish—to increase and multiply within their own original borders—but they have spread from east to west, leaving, as a writer has recently said, the literal imprint of their footsteps on the geographical chart of America from New England to the base of the Rocky Mountains, and all over the Mississippi Valley.

Nor has their progress stopped here. Not content with physical advancement, they have gone farther, and founded a literary microcosm of their own—created a literature with a color, form and flavor all its own, which must be considered in itself a greater marvel than even their material preservation.

As you move amongst the people of Quebec —come in contact, now with the descendants of the old seigneurs, now with descendants of the *coureurs de bois*, now with the habitant, you naturally ask yourself the question, Whence came these people? Of course, every one knows they came from France; but from what part of France did they come and under what influence? How did they acquire their present characteristics as well as their present form of language, and why are not some of the different patois spoken in France heard in Quebec?

It is interesting to compare the beginnings of the three chief groups of French settlement in America: the Louisianians, Acadians and Canadians. The French colony of Louisiana was practically founded during the first half of the eighteenth century; French Canada during the seventeenth century, and Acadia, which originally included Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and the State of Maine, between 1636 and 1670.

As to the beginnings of French Canada, the first settlement was made at Quebec about 1608. Between 1534, the date of Jacques Cartier's arrival in Canada, and 1600, St. Malo navigators visited the St. Lawrence to barter with the Indians, but none of them remained as settlers. The first French settlers to remain in Canada hailed from Normandy. In fact, the Province of Normandy in France contributed more to the early settlement of French Canada than any other portion of France. After the collapse of the Hundred Associates, about the year 1662, Paris and Rochelle came in for a certain share of interest, as they were creditors of the expiring company; and soon immigrants were arriving in French Canada from the neighboring country places of those two cities. The chief provinces in France to contribute to the early settlements in French Canada were Normandy, Perche, Maine, Anjou, Touraine, Poitou, Guienne

and Gascony. This, then, is the basis of early settlement in French Canada.

Now, when we consider the language of the French Canadians we notice that it has one marked characteristic—uniformity. There is no patois used by the educated French of Quebec. Obsolete words are used—words that belong to the seventeenth century—but these do not constitute a patois. In fact, they add to the picturesque power of the language, duplicating the resources of the tongue, just as a Shaksperean or Miltonic word of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries adds to the picturesque power of the English language of to-day.

There are many reasons, as Benjamin Sulte points out, why patois, or slang, did not engraft itself on the language of French Canada. In the first place, nearly all the women who came from France to Canada were educated, and furthermore, there were schools for girls established in the colony as early as 1639. When you add to this the influence of the clergy—an educated body—it can be readily understood why the language of the educated French Canadian is one of marked purity and grace.

It is quite amusing sometimes to hear people of Ontario who cannot frame a sentence in French speak of the French language of Quebec as a patois. This is absolutely false.

The French language spoken by the educated classes in Quebec differs but little from that spoken by persons of the same degree of education in France. Cultivated persons use good, and ignorant persons use bad, French, in Quebec as well as in France. Nor is it among the French people alone that this discrepancy is observable. Take, for instance, an educated New Englander or Southerner, and compare his language with that of a Tennessee mountaineer or an Indiana "hoosier," and you will quickly realize how many-tongued the American people have become, and into what depths of degradation the language which Shakspere and Milton and Emerson and Lowell spoke has sunk among uneducated classes in certain quarters of the American Republic. In this connection there was probably more than humor in the remark of Artemus Ward, that he spoke seven different languages: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Delaware.

A highly educated and very intelligent French Canadian lady, after a considerable residence in France, once assured the writer she found the speech of the common people in Quebec better than that of the common people in France, and the language of the best Canadian speakers equal to that of the best French.

It should be noted that the language brought to Quebec by the higher class in French colonial days was largely that of the French court, and the language brought by the lower classes largely that of Normandy, which was good. Again, the number of professional men—officers, priests, lawyers, notaries, and others—has always been extremely large in Quebec in proportion to the population, and the modes of speech of so many educated persons must have had some influence on the language of the rest.

We are told, too, that as early as the seventeenth century there had been a good deal of literary culture in the city of Quebec, the capital and chief city of the new colony. Writers of the seventeenth century have expressed the opinion that French Canadians could understand and appreciate a dramatic play as well as the *élite* of Paris. Nor is this any marvel, since we know that theatricals were common occurrences in Canada, and that the "Cid" of Corneille was played in Quebec in 1645, and the "Tartuffe" of Molière in 1677. This was many years before the Puritan of New England or the Cavalier of Virginia countenanced or encouraged dramatic performances. In this respect French genius and French taste on the banks of the St. Lawrence

differ little from French genius and French taste on the banks of the Loire or the Seine.

Of course, it cannot be denied but that provincialisms, localisms and corruptions have become grafted upon the French language of Quebec — especially among the uneducated classes. Mr. Ernest Gagnon, the author of that interesting volume, "Les Chansons Populaires," cites some strangely incorrect expressions which are in vogue among his countrymen. For instance, a French Canadian habitant desiring to say "Wait a moment and I will go with you," says "*Espérez un instant ma y aller quand et vous.*"

In some of the Quebec parishes, too, where the Acadians expelled from Nova Scotia settled, there are in vogue many expressions not found elsewhere, and the pronunciation is somewhat peculiar. The same thing is noticeable among the Acadians who have settled in Louisiana, in the Valley of the Teche.

As English trade and commerce have pushed their way into Quebec, many English words have become incorporated with the French language. Take, for instance, the expression used by Americans, "to switch a train"; the English use the expression "to shunt." Now, the French Canadians form a verb from this which gives the form "shunter." Such an expression as

"*Il est malaisé à beater*" ("he is hard to beat"), may be heard in Quebec. Nor would our French Canadian habitant recognize potatoes as "*pommes de terre*"; he would call them "*patates.*" He would not say "*Il fait froid aujourd'hui*, but "*Il fait frette aujourd'hui.*"

Yet, notwithstanding these corruptions and Anglicisms, the French language, as spoken in Quebec, holds its original purity very well. It is far from the truth to say that the language spoken by the common people of Quebec is a patois. It may be rude and ungrammatical, as might be expected, but it is not by any means a patois. It may be more the French of two hundred years ago than that of to-day, but it is still French, and not bad French either.

Let us now for a moment glance at the literary microcosm which the sons of Racine, Corneille, and Molière, of Châteaubriand, Victor Hugo and Lamartine, have in the splendor of their genius created upon the banks of the St. Lawrence. The first literary expression of French Canada was that of oratory. Though the French Canadians were guaranteed certain rights and privileges by the Quebec Act of 1774 and the Constitutional Act of 1791, the English Governor and his Executive frequently attempted to ignore those—to ignore the will of the people—and as a consequence the French

were for many years made to feel that they were a subject class, and that the yoke of Britain was upon their shoulders. Nay, more, the English Governor did not stop even here. He attempted to make the Catholic Church a creature of the State, and it was only after many years of strife and struggle that the saintly and heroic Bishop Plessis won for himself and his successors that freedom of action in things spiritual which belongs inherently to the office of a bishop of the Catholic Church.

Now, what is the soil of French Canadian literature? It blossoms from three centuries of daring deed, bold adventure, noble discovery, heroic martyrdom, generous suffering and high emprise. No wonder there is manifest to-day in French Canadian literature the lineage of courage; no wonder it is full-orbed and rounded in its expression, reflecting the glory and splendor of the past, and inlaid with the dreams and hopes of the future.

What a mine of inspiration there is in the history of French Canada! Fit theme indeed for poet, novelist, historian and painter! Behold the background of its national historic canvas:

"There is the era of discovery and settlement, represented by Cartier, Champlain and Maisonneuve; that of heroic resistance to the Iroquois through a hundred years of warfare, represented

by Dollard and Vercheres; of daring adventure in the pathless woods, by Joliet and La Salle; that of apostleship and martyrdom, by Brébeuf, Lalemant and Jogues; that of diplomacy and administration, by Talon, the great disciple of Colbert; that of military glory, by Tracy and the lion-hearted Frontenac; that of debauchery and corruption, by Bigot and Penan; that of downfall and doom, by Montcalm and Levis."

I think it was Dr. Johnson who laid down the principle, that however much statesmen and soldiers may achieve for the renown of their native land, the chief glory of a country lies with its authors. Now, this is especially true of French Canada. We have already noticed that French Canadian literature began with oratory. The intellectual activities of the people found scope in debate, in discussion in behalf of the rights of the people, in legislative halls and throughout the country. Canada, from 1791 to 1840, and indeed to 1867, was in a formative condition. These many years, big with problems of legislation, gave birth to a galaxy of French Canadian orators whose mantles are being worthily worn by their successors in our own day.

There were Papineau, Taschereau and Viger, who in turn were succeeded by Chauveau, Lafontaine and Dorion, and later by Chapleau

and Laurier. The late Sir Joseph Adolphe Chapleau was a veritable Mirabeau in oratory. His fine physique, noble bearing, well poised head, and rich, resonant voice made him a very prince among Canadian Parliamentary orators. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the present Prime Minister of Canada, belongs to the academic school of orators—to the school of Richard Lalor Sheil and Edward Everett—and is not unworthy, in the splendor of his gifts, of the fine spirit and grace of his masters.

In the pulpit, such names as Colin, Racine, Paquet, Bruchesi and Lafleche do honor to the very best traditions of the pulpit oratory of Old France.

Perhaps there is no part of literature that presupposes more intellectual vigor in a young country than that of history and biography. French Canada is rich in both. Quebec may indeed be proud of the work done in this department. Considering the circumstances under which it was written and the resources at his command, Garneau's history of Canada is a remarkable performance. Then we have Ferland, who followed in the wake of Garneau and worked on a different plane. His is a work of invaluable importance. Owing to the author's premature death it was, unfortunately, left incomplete. The histories by Garneau and Fer-

land supplement each other very admirably, and the details which they have left untold or undeveloped are supplied by the monumental work of Faillon—his "L'Histoire de la Colonie Française dans la Nouvelle France," and the still later volumes of Benjamin Sulte's "L'Histoire de Canadiens Français." The chief of French Canadian biographers is Abbé Casgrain, whose "Life of the Venerable Mother of the Incarnation" is one of the finest biographies ever written in Canada. Mention should also be made here of this author's work, "Un Pèlerinage au Pays d'Evangeline," which was crowned by the French Academy.

It is due to the French Canadians to say that they have done more to preserve the historical records of Canada than all other Canadians together. Something has been done to this end in Nova Scotia, but very little in Ontario. As a result of this Ontario has so far furnished but one first-rate Canadian historian — William Kingsford—while Quebec has produced three historians of acknowledged character and repute. The truth is, there is more Canadian patriotism to-day in Quebec than in any other province of the Dominion—if Canadian patriotism means a true appreciation of Canada's past and present—the preservation of her historical records and monuments. It is this true Canadian patriotism

that has made Quebec the wealthiest literary portion of the Dominion.

The *doyen* of French Canadian literature, indeed of all Canadian literature, is unquestionably Sir James Le Moine, of Quebec. This venerable author, who for services rendered to Canadian letters was knighted by the Queen on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee in 1897, is now in his seventy-sixth year, and is of Scotch and French extraction. He began his literary career in 1862 with the publication of a volume entitled "Legendary Lore of the Lower St. Lawrence." Our gifted historian and antiquarian has published in all some thirty volumes. His beautiful manorial home, "Spencer Grange," situated at Sillery, near Quebec, has been for years a shrine to which literary pilgrims from the Old and New World have directed their footsteps. Here in past years have been entertained the historian Parkman, Dean Stanley, Charles Kingsley, George Augusta Sala, W. D. Howells, Goldwin Smith, Charles G. D. Roberts, Gilbert Parker, Professor Henry Drummond, and many others eminent in letters. Parkman owes much in his brilliant series of histories to the data which he found in secure keeping at "Spencer Grange," and acknowledges this in the preface of one of his volumes, while the two most distinctively Canadian novels, "The

Golden Dog" and "The Seats of the Mighty," would never have been written had it not been for the facts supplied by this gifted, industrious and painstaking Canadian historian and archæologist.

In the domain of French Canadian fiction the historical romance, as might be expected, predominates. In its literary expression French Canada resembles French Louisiana, in that it is strongest in the departments of history and poetry. The venerable De Gaspé may be said to have led the van in the department of fiction with his "Les Anciens Canadiens," which is a vivid epitome of life at the seigneuries and among the habitants in the early days of French Canada. An excellent translation of this work has been made by the Canadian poet and novelist, Charles G. D. Roberts. Then we have Bourassa's "Jacques et Marie," a novel dealing with the destruction of Acadia, "Home of the Happy," and the banishment of its pious and faithful inhabitants.

It is, however, when we enter the garden of French Canadian poesy that we are beset with an embarrassment of riches. Herein it is that French Canadian genius has truly flowered. What rich blossomings from Voltaire's "Quelques Arpents de Neige?" Wolfe snatched the Bourbon lilies from the brow of New France

when he climbed the Heights of Abraham on that memorable September morning in 1759, but the genius planted beside the St. Lawrence, and nurtured by the noble heart of a Champlain, a Frontenac, a Laval, could be quenched neither by eclipse of empire nor the chilling sceptre of alien sway. In the academic groves of French Canadian song the first strong voice to lead the choral service was unquestionably Octave Crémazie. His muse is classical. No other Canadian poet has written such war songs. Take, for instance, his "Le Vieux Soldat Canadien" and "Le Drapeau de Carillon." There is a fire and spirit in the lines which stir the heart like the blare of a trumpet.

Of the living French Canadian poets of to-day the greatest is certainly Dr. Louis Frechette, who enjoys the distinctive title of the French Canadian laureate. Indeed, I am not sure but Dr. Frechette is the greatest poet Canada has yet produced—a poet worthy of rank with Lowell, Whittier and Longfellow in New World literature. Dr. Frechette is a democrat of the democrats. He is known to his countrymen as "Le rossignol de la democratie." In his young days—he is now about sixty—he was both journalist and politician. He began in life by studying law, and was admitted to the bar in 1864, but as in the case of Chatterton, Walter

Scott, Macaulay, Guizot and Disraeli, what began in a flirtation with law ended in a marriage with literature.

Frechette is a truly national poet. The source of his inspiration, unlike that of Crémazie, is found, not in the Quebec of the past, but in the Quebec of to-day. It is of the Montreal of to-day, and the glories of the Niagara and the St. Lawrence, that our poet sings. His greatest work is the tragedy of "Papineau," which was crowned by the French Academy in 1881. Another of his poems, full of fine lines and lofty sentiment, is his "Discovery of the Mississippi." Dr. Frechette has translated into French Howell's "Chance Acquaintance" and Cable's "Old Creole Days." In social life Dr. Frechette is a most charming man, his gifts of heart and grace of manner delighting the many who come within the radiance of his friendship.

Pamphile Le May is another of the inspired singers of French Canada. He is about the same age as Dr. Frechette, and has done literary work of a high order. His poetry differs from that of Crémazie and Frechette. It lacks the lightsome joyousness found in the work of the latter. There is in the poetry of Le May something of the spiritual music of Chopin and Liszt. His *magnum opus* is his translation of Longfellow's "Evangeline." This is a remarkably

clever work. It is said that Longfellow himself considered many of Le May's French Alexandrines superior to his own hexameters. Le May has also translated into French Kirby's historical novel, "The Golden Dog."

Another French Canadian poet who has done creditable poetic work is Napoleon Legendre. His volume of poems, "Les Perce-Neige," is characterized by great beauty of imagery and stateliness of thought.

Perhaps the most national poet in French Canada is Benjamin Sulte. His muse is lyrical, and he confines himself almost solely to the songs of the people. Sulte is a veritable Father Prout in the skill and cleverness with which he translates English and Scotch songs into French. Crémazie has been characterized as the Hugo, Frechette as the Lamartine, and Sulte as the Beranger of Canada.

But what of French Canada of to-day? I have been speaking of its glorious and romantic past, and of the literature which has its root in that past. Is Quebec keeping in touch with modern life and thought and advancement? Assuredly it is. The virtues which make a people great, and the progress which subtracts not from the moral growth of a people—these abound in the hearts and homes of the French Canadian people of to-day. The amount of crime *per*

*capita* in Quebec is among the lowest in the provinces of the Dominion. Again, where on this continent can you find a more temperate people than in the Province of Quebec? They indeed have solved the temperance problem, and need no prohibitory law, while the purity of their social life knows not the breath of suspicion. All this is the fruit of their fidelity to the Catholic faith and its teachings. The late venerable Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers, told the writer three years ago that he regarded French Canadians as better Catholics than their kinsmen in France; and Pope Pius IX. once told a French Canadian bishop that he considered French Canadian Catholics as his most faithful children in the Church.

Those who slander Quebec in the press and on the platform do not know its prelates, its priests, and its people. If they would visit its centres of life, its universities, colleges and convents, its sweet and pure country homes, its prayerful shrines, its altars of devotion, then would Truth henceforth reign where Falsehood has had its throne.

# THE OLD MISSION CHURCH AT TADOUSAC.

TADOUSAC, at the confluence of the Saguenay and St. Lawrence, is one of the most historic spots in Canada. It was here in this corner of the earth where the French founded their first establishments on Canadian soil. From this centre, too, went forth the first missionary Jesuit Fathers whose task and labor it was to convert and civilize the regions of the Saguenay and the mysterious North. One after another, says a writer, the waters of this bay have been visited by the adventurous embarkations of Cartier, the discoverer, the swift light barks of the Basque and Breton *flibustiers*, the ships of Chauvin, Pontgravé and Champlain. This was the first port entered by the French colonists before their arrival at the rock of Quebec, and it was from here that Druillettes, Dablon and Albanel set out for the distant shores of Lake Mistassini and Hudson Bay.

Historians are not agreed as to where the first Mass was celebrated in Canada, but tradition says that it was on the spot where now stands the village of Tadousac, and Louis Fre-

chette the French Canadian poet-laureate of Canada, in his *Légende d'un Peuple*, thus refers to the eventful scene. I give the translation.

"And there beneath the cool green shade
The parish temple rears its head
On that same favor'd spot, 'tis said,
Where on the altar, years ago,
The Saviour's precious blood did flow.
When to the sound of pious song,
Borne by the echoes far along
The mountains with their rounded crest,
Stretching afar from East to West,
By Breton priest, with whiten'd hair,
The sacrifice was offered there.
Whilst 'mid the scenes so wild and new
Knelt Cartier and his hardy crew.
They who had come to win the land
Are gathered on the rocky strand,
Far from their native shores, or dear,
Encircled by the mountain drear.
I think I see them kneeling there:
Their heads are bow'd, their foreheads bare,
Their clothes still stiff with ocean spray,
Yet fervently these Bretons pray,
Offering to Him now dwelling there
The holocaust of praise and prayer."

The history of the mission of Tadousac covers nearly three centuries. When Champlain landed here on May 25, 1615, he brought with him four Recollet religious Fathers—Jean Dolbeau, Denis Jamay, Joseph le Caron, and a lay brother Pacifique Duplessis. These Fathers were afterwards distributed and placed in different parts

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of the colony—Father Jamay remaining at Quebec, whence he served Three Rivers; Father le Caron going to the Huron country on Georgian Bay, and Father Dolbeau to Tadousac, to instruct the Montagnais and other Indian tribes as far as the Gulf of St. Lawrence. In a few years the Recollets were replaced by the Jesuits, whom they had summoned to their assistance. The history of the Jesuit mission at Tadousac is inlaid with the deepest interest. These soldiers of the Cross in the early days of Canadian life and civilization did a work for the Church on the lower St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay which will immortalize their name and memory in the pages of Canadian history.

The great apostle of these pioneers of Christianity and civilization was Father Jean Baptiste de la Brosse. "His name resounds everywhere —in the depths of Lake St. John, on the lonely shores of Labrador, in the flourishing villages bordering the river from Cacouna to the distant confines of Gaspesia and New Brunswick he is still spoken of. The fisherman taking up his nets, the woodman returning fatigued with his day's toil, the mother beside her child's cradle, the hunter during the long evenings, while on his hunting excursions, relate the wonderful things of the good Father. They all invoke him as a saint in time of misfortune, or when the

storm is raging on the waters. By the bedside of the sick the old women often recommend medicaments the use of which had been taught to their forefathers by the beloved and popular Apostle."

Tradition has preserved all the details of this great and saintly missionary's last moments, the circumstances of which were indeed of a nature to strike every one:

"On the eve of his death Father de la Brosse appeared to be in perfect health. He was a large, robust, white-haired old man, with an ascetic-looking face and inspired speech.

"During all the day he had been fulfilling the duties of his ministry, confessing, baptizing and praying, as usual, in the Tadousac chapel.

"At night-fall he went to take a few hours' recreation at the house of one of the officers of the post. He was as gay and agreeable as ever; he even played a few games of cards with his hosts. Towards nine o'clock he prepared to leave.

"After having said good evening to every one he was silent for a moment, and then in a solemn tone said:

"'My friends, I bid you farewell, farewell until eternity, for you will not again see me in life. This very evening at midnight *I shall be a corpse.* At that very hour you will hear my

chapel bell ring; it will announce my death. If you do not believe it, you can come and ascertain the fact for yourselves. But I ask of you not to touch my body. To-morrow you will go to Ile aux Coudres, to fetch Father Compain to enshroud me and perform the rites of sepulture. You will find him waiting at the end of that island. Do not fear to embark whatever may be the weather. I answer for the safety of those who set out on this journey.'"

Tradition says that at twelve o'clock the chapel bell tolled, and when those who had heard the poor Father's remarkable prediction hastened to the chapel, they found Father de la Brosse stretched motionless on the ground, his face bowed down on his clasped hands, which rested on the lowest altar step. The great and good and saintly missionary was dead.

The legend of Father de la Brosse's death has been beautifully embodied in verse by Professor Caven, of the Prince of Wales' College, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. His poem is entitled "The Bell of Death—A Legend of Tadousac and Ile aux Coudres":

> Fierce blew the strong south-eastern gale,
> The sea in mountains rolled,
> A starless sky hung wildly tossed,
> The midnight hour had tolled.

Is that a sea—is this an hour,
With sky so wildly black,
To launch a bark so frail as that,
Ye men of Tadousac?

Strong though your arms, brave though your
hearts,
As arms and hearts can be,
That tiny skiff can never live
In such a storm-swept sea.

When Saguenay's dark waters roll
To swell St. Lawrence tide,
Down to the beach that stormy night
Four stalwart fishers stride.

On through the surf the frail boat speeds,
And see, before her prow
The giant waves sink down and crouch
As if in homage low.

Calm as the surface of a lake
Sunk deep mid wooded hills,
The track spreads out before the boat,
The sail a fair breeze fills,

While all around the angry waves
Bear high their foamy scalps,
And frowning hang like toppling crags
O'er passes through the Alps.

Who stilled the waves on Galilee
Makes smooth that narrow track,—
'Tis faith that makes your hearts so bold,
Ye men of Tadousac!

Fierce blows the strong south-eastern gale
Around the lowly pile
Where dwells the lonely missioner
Of Coudres' grassy isle.

His psalms are read—his beads are said;
And by the lamp's pale beam
He studious culls from sainted page
Sweet flowers on which to dream.

But see, he starts! Strange accents come
Forth from the flying rack;
Funeral rites await your care,
Haste on to Tadousac!

And from the church's lowly spire
Tolled forth the passing bell,
And far upon the tempest's wing
Was borne the funeral knell.

That night along St. Lawrence tide,
From every church's tower,
The bells rang forth a requiem
Swung by some unseen power.

. . . . . .

The storm has lulled, and morning's light
Pierces the shifting mists
That hang like shattered regiments
Around the mountain crests.

From brief repose, the anxious priest
Forth on his mission speeds
O'er pathless plains, by hazel brake
Where the lone bittern breeds.

At length upon the eastern shore
Ended his weary track,
Where wait the hardy fishermen,
The men from Tadousac.

"Heaven bless you," cried the holy man,
"I know your high behest,
God's friend and yours and mine has gone
To claim his well-earned rest."

Unmoor the boat; spread out the sail,
And, o'er a peaceful track,
Again in eager flight the boat
Shoots home to Tadousac.

Before the altar where so oft
He broke the Holy Bread,
Clasping the well-worn crucifix,
The priest of God lay dead.

It was a solemn sight, they say,
To see the cold, calm face
Upturned beneath the sanctuary light,
Within that holy place.

Happy la Brosse! to find for Judge
Him whom from realms above
Thy voice had called to dwell with men,
A prisoner of love.

The primitive Tadousac church, which stands to-day little altered, was built in 1747, when Monseigneur de Pontbriant was Bishop of Quebec, and is, therefore, one of the oldest

mission churches in Canada, or perhaps, indeed, in America. According to Father Coquart's journal, this good Jesuit Father blessed the site on May 16, 1747, and hammered in the first peg. The Intendant Hocquart made a gift to Father Coquart of the planks, shingles and nails used in the construction of the sanctuary, and accordingly Father Coquart, desiring to acknowledge this munificence, undertook for himself and his successors that Mass should be said on St. Anne's day for Monsieur Hocquart's intention as long as the church existed. In this old mission church is the same bell which summoned the Indians to worship a century before, and which, after being miraculously saved during the conflagration of 1661, has outlived all the vicissitudes of the times.

This mission church or old chapel served as a parish church for the inhabitants of Tadousac until 1885. On Christmas Day of that year, Mass was celebrated for the first time in a large church built of stone, hard by the humble edifice erected nearly a century and a half before, by the Jesuit Father Coquart. Since that period, as the historian of this old mission writes: "It is but once a year, on St. Anne's day, that the priest ascends the steps of the old altar, before which so many generations have knelt, and where the praises of God have been sung in the

dialects of all the tribes to the north and south of the Lower St. Lawrence.

"On St. Anne's day the whole parish flock to the rustic sanctuary to assist at the Mass, which is said by the Jesuits' successors for the Intendant Hocquart, in fulfilment of the promise made nearly a century and a half previously by Father Coquart. The congregation throngs around the edifice, the door of which is left open to enable them to see the priest at the altar. And on the blue waves of the river the fishermen who are entering the port respectfully uncover their heads on hearing the silvery sounds of the king's bell."

The pious pilgrim or inquiring tourist will also find in this venerable chapel at Tadousac relics and paintings which have been carefully treasured and preserved. Among the paintings is one—"A Presentation of Mary in the Temple"—signed with the name of Beauvais, and the date 1747. Three little pictures, representing "Our Lord," the "Blessed Virgin," and "St. Charles Borromeo," were given to the missionary, Father Maurice, by the Jesuit Father Duplessis. Another of this church's treasures is an "Infant Jesus" in wax, said to have been presented by Louis XIV. On the altar are two reliquaries, bearing the date of 1749, and the

relics of St. Clement and St. Prudentia are exposed in them.

In the choir of the sanctuary is this inscription:

*D. O. M. A La Memoire du R. P. J. B. de la Brosse, dernier missionaire Jésuite de Tadousac, Mort en odeur de Sainteté à l'age de 58 ans, Inhumé, dans la chapelle de Tadousac le 12 Avril 1782.*

*To the memory of the Rev. Father Jean Baptiste de la Brosse, last Jesuit missionary of Tadousac, who died in the odor of sanctity at the age of 58 years, and was buried in the chapel of Tadousac, April 12, 1782.*

To the rear of this historic little church is the old parish cemetery, "God's Acre," where those who, in many years agone, knelt in reverent prayer within its humble walls, now lie wrapped in the dark draperies of the tomb. "*Ici Repose*" and "*Ci-git*" meet the eye of pilgrim and tourist on every side, as he moves among the cross-crowned graves, where the Angel of Death sentinels the white-robed armies of Eternity.

Tadousac is but a village, yet its century-dowered history illumines the pages of our Canadian past with a splendor born of the genius of Catholic heroism and faith.

# THE TRUE STORY OF THE ACADIAN DEPORTATION.

THE saddest epic in the history of the New World is the expulsion and deportation of the Acadians from their homes on the shores of the Bay of Fundy, upon which is based the poet Longfellow's sweet, sad story of "Evangeline." Indeed, this sorrowful event has made of that arm of water another Ægean Sea, around which cluster memories that consecrate the pages of history, and shall endure as long as love and affection and the sacred ties of kindred remain to embalm them in story.

The historian has been largely false, the poet true, to this New World tragedy. Hannay, Parkman, and Akins, compiler of the Nova Scotia archives, have done historical truth a grievous wrong in their presentation of the facts and circumstances which led up to this wanton and pitiful deed. Longfellow has given us the story in the idealized light of poetry, reflected from the great orb of truth. It remained for a descendant of the Acadians, Edouard Richard, of Arthabaskaville, Quebec, an ex-member of the Canadian House of Commons, to give to

the world, in his admirable work, "Acadia: Missing Links of a Lost Chapter in American History," the true story of the Acadian expulsion and deportation. Haliburton, whose mind was eminently judicial and well fitted for the weighing of historical facts, lacked the data upon which to found sure and solid evidence, though the integrity of his mind frequently led him to just conclusions where there were missing links in the chain of circumstances and facts.

It is the office of the historian to present truth as the fruit of the fullest and most impartial investigation. He should hold no brief for any party, political or religious, or any personage, whether king, governor, or the meanest subaltern. He is a judge sifting the evidence submitted, and his purpose should be to present to the jury of mankind facts, not fiction dressed up in the specious garb of glowing periods and tropical rhetoric.

The historical facts in connection with the deportation of the Acadians, in 1755, reach back to the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, which transferred them as subjects of Louis XIV. of France to Queen Anne of England. The character and behavior of the Acadians during these forty-two years must stand, in some measure, as the justification or condemnation of this unwonted

deed. It will not do to quote the intrigues of Abbé Le Loutre, nor his over-zealous efforts to persuade his countrymen to forsake the English lands for the territory of New France. The question is one of fact—as to whether the Acadians were true to their oath of allegiance in its restricted form, whether the English failed to comply with the fourteenth article in the treaty of Utrecht, and whether the deportation was not planned and carried out for the purpose of enriching Governor Lawrence and his immediate friends with the property which the Acadians were forced to leave behind.

Mr. Richard, in his excellent work, acknowledges his indebtedness to a history of Nova Scotia, in manuscript, which was prepared by the Rev. Andrew Brown, of Halifax, between the years 1787 and 1795. Mr. Brown, who was a Presbyterian minister, was invited some years afterwards to fill the chair of Rhetoric in Edinburgh University, where he died. His history, incomplete and in manuscript, was found, with all the original and other documents that accompanied it, in a grocer's store, and bought, November 13, 1852, by Mr. Grosart, who sold it to the British Museum in London. It is very evident how important this manuscript history by Mr. Brown is. He, no doubt, conversed with many who were eye-witnesses of the deporta-

tion, and had accurate knowledge of the circumstances which led up to it. Being a Presbyterian and a Scotchman he cannot be charged surely with any bias or partiality for the Acadians, and his testimony should, therefore, carry great weight in the discussion of the question we have now on hand. It is a well-known fact that Parkman had access to this manuscript history and its accompanying documents, yet he entirely ignored them. Parkman evidently aimed, not at truth, but at justifying the deportation of the peaceful and pious Acadians. He wished to destroy the effects of "New England humanitarianism melting into sentimentality," by holding a brief for Lawrence and his countryman, Winslow.

Now let us briefly consider the treaty of Utrecht as it affected the Acadians, as well as examine how far the English fulfilled that portion of its terms which had relation to the life and fortunes of the inhabitants of Grand Pré and the other Acadian settlements.

The fourteenth article of the treaty of Utrecht, which defined the situation of the Acadians, is couched in the following terms: "It is expressly provided that in all the said places and colonies to be yielded and restored by the Most Christian King, in pursuance of this treaty, the subjects of the said king *may have liberty to remove*

*themselves within a year to any other place*, as they shall think fit, *with all their movable effects.* But those who are willing to remain here and to be subject to the Kingdom of Great Britain are to enjoy the free exercise of their religion according to the usage of the Church of Rome, as far as the laws of Great Britain do allow the same."

A letter dated June 23, 1713, from the Queen of England to Governor Nicholson, extended further the terms of the treaty, granting to the Acadians who wished to remain as subjects of Great Britain the privilege of retaining and enjoying their lands and tenements without any molestation, or to sell the same if they should rather choose to remove elsewhere. The treaty gave them a year to remove from the country, but the letter did not specify any time for their departure. We shall now see how far the English authorities in Nova Scotia complied with this particular article of the treaty.

In August, 1713, the Acadians sent delegates to Louisburg to come to an understanding with the French governor on the conditions to be held out to them if they were transported over to the French territory. From this date up to 1730 the policy and purpose of each successive English governor was to prevent the Acadians from leaving the country. First, Governor

Vetch, then Nicholson, then Cauldfield, then Doucette, then Phillips, and Armstrong, and later still Cornwallis, used not only their prerogative but every artifice and cunning to defeat the settled purpose of the Acadians to leave the country. This fact cannot be denied, for it is borne out by the official documents of time.

Let us, at this stage of our investigation, then, remember that the Acadians made several attempts to leave the country between 1713 and 1730, but were thwarted in their designs by the actions of the English governors. At first the Acadians thought they could leave in English vessels; these were refused. Then they asked that French ships might be permitted to enter the ports of Acadia, and this was opposed. They next constructed some small vessels, for which they endeavored to procure equipment at Louisburg and Boston, but in this they were prohibited. Being prevented from withdrawing by water there remained now but one other way by which they could depart—by land. They, accordingly, set to work to open up a road, but had to desist from the work by order of Governor Phillips.

Even Parkman, whose chapter dealing with the expulsion of the Acadians, in "A Half Century of Conflict," reads like a brief in defence of the policy of England in the New World, admits

that Governor Nicholson and his successors did everything in their power to prevent the Acadians from departing. Here is what he says :

"Governor Nicholson, like his predecessor, was resolved to keep the Acadians in the Province if he could. This personage, able, energetic, headstrong, perverse, unscrupulous, conducted himself, even towards the English officers and soldiers, in a manner that seems unaccountable and that kindled their utmost indignation. Towards the Acadians his behavior was still worse. . . . The Acadians built small vessels and the French authorities at Louisburg sent them the necessary rigging. Nicholson ordered it back, forbade the sale of their lands and houses, and would not even let them sell their personal effects ; coolly setting at naught both the treaty of Utrecht and the letter of the Queen. Cauldfield and Doucette, his deputies, both, in one degree or another, followed his example in preventing, so far as they could, the emigration of the Acadians."

The Acadians being thus foiled by the English in their every attempt to leave the country, asked that as subjects of Great Britain they be exempted from bearing arms against the French or the Indians, their allies. There was surely nothing unreasonable in this demand, seeing that the English failed to carry out the

terms of the treaty, which gave the Acadians the right to leave the country; and seeing, too, that the French who resided on the north side of the Bay of Fundy, at River St. John, Chipody, Petitcodiac and Memramcook, were not only their compatriots but their brethren and relatives. Such a request was made in after years by those who came from New England and settled on the Acadian lands, when they did not desire to wage a war with their kinsmen who were fighting for American independence. They had been retained in the country contrary to their will and contrary to the terms of the treaty of Utrecht—was it not most natural that they should impose the conditions under which they should continue as subjects of Great Britain?

As to the character of the oath which the Acadians took, there appears to be not a doubt but that it was at no time unqualified. In support of this contention may first be cited Governor Lawrence, the very man who deported the Acadians. In his circular to the governors of New England, which accompanied the transports laden with exiled Acadians, appears the following: "The Acadians ever refused to take the oath of allegiance *without having at the same time from the Governor an assurance, in writing, that they should not be called upon to bear arms* in the defence of the Province, *and with this*

*General Phillips did comply*, of which His Majesty disapproved."

Again, writing to Sir Thomas Robinson, November 30, 1755, Lawrence says, speaking of the Acadians of Beaubassin:

"They were the descendants of those French who had taken the oath of allegiance to His Majesty in the time of General Phillips's government with the reserve of not bearing arms."

Governor Cornwallis, in his letter, dated September 11, 1749, to the Duke of Bedford, writes:

"I cannot help saying that General Phillips deserved the highest punishment for what he did here, *his allowing a reserve to the oath of allegiance.*"

The same Governor, addressing the Acadian deputies, said:

"*You have always refused to take the oath without an expressed reservation.*"

The oath which the Acadians took and which was entitled "Oath of Fealty" ("Serment de Fidélité") was as follows:

"Je promets et Jure Sincèrement en Foi de Chrétien que je serai entièrement Fidéle, et Obeierai Vraiment Sa Majesté Le Roy George Second que je reconnoi pour Le Souvrain Seigneur de l'Accadie ou Nouvelle Ecosse. Ainsi Dieu me Soit en Aide."

Turn we next to the conduct of the Acadians

as subjects of Great Britain, during the forty-three years they occupied the country following the treaty of Utrecht. This is a phase of the question which demands the fullest and closest scrutiny and investigation, as upon the loyalty of the Acadians to Great Britain must largely turn the justification or condemnation of their expulsion and deportation. It will be best to let the testimony of the English settle this point. The mere statement of an historian, based upon no evidence but hearsay, will not be accepted—the proof of the loyalty or disloyalty of the Acadians must be deduced from official documents and the opinions of those who have no historical case in court.

On March 15, 1744, war was declared between England and France, and the French prepared for an invasion of Grand Pré and other Acadian settlements subject to British rule. Would the Acadians remain faithful to their oath of allegiance at this trying moment? Surely this event would test their fidelity. During this war, which is known in history as King George's war, Acadia was invaded at least four times by the French. The Acadians, however, remained loyal to the English, and could not be shaken in their determination nor induced by coaxing or threats to swerve in their allegiance to Great Britain.

After having exhausted every means of per-

suasion, Duvivier and De Gann, the French generals, who commanded the first expedition, issued the following severe orders: "We order you to deliver up your arms, ammunitions, . . . and those who contravene these orders shall be punished and delivered into the hands of the Indians, as we cannot refuse the demands these savages make for all those who will not submit themselves." With this order the Acadians refused to comply, stating in their reply, amongst other things, that "We live under a mild and tranquil government and we have all good reason to be faithful to it."

Hannay, who is no friend of the Acadians, speaking of the expedition of Duvivier, says:

"Duvivier, unsuccessful at Annapolis, returned to Mines, where he proposed to remain for the winter with his soldiers; but the Acadians sent in such a strongly worded remonstrance that he was constrained to withdraw. At Beaubassin he found the people equally averse to his remaining and finally returned to Louisburg."

Writing to the Secretary of War, Governor Mascarene, who succeeded Armstrong, says, under date July 2, 1744: "The Acadians of this river have kept hitherto in their fidelity and in *no ways joined with the enemy*, who has killed most of their cattle, and the priest residing among them has behaved, also, as an honest

man, though none of them dare come to us at present. They helped in the repairing of our works *to the very day preceding the attack.*"

In another letter, dated December, 1744, Governor Mascarene says: "To the timely succor received from the Governor of Massachusetts *and our French inhabitants refusing to take up arms against us we owe our preservation.* If the Acadians had taken up arms they might have brought three or four thousand men against us."

Now, what must we infer from these letters of Governor Mascarene? What but that the Acadians, who were faithful to their oath of allegiance in such a trying and perplexing situation, were surely not disloyal when neither occasion nor inducement offered itself. It is worthy of noting here, that not one of Governor Mascarene's letters testifying to the loyalty of the Acadians during this war can be found in the Nova Scotia archives. The compiler's purpose, evidently, was to omit everything that would give proof of the faithfulness of the Acadians to their oath of allegiance.

A word here as to the character and conduct of Abbé Le Loutre, the French missionary, who played a part in the events of this epoch. There can be no doubt that this over-zealous and hot-headed priest did everything in his power to

stir up the Indians against the English, and on this score his conduct is entirely reprehensible. But the reader should remember that Le Loutre was never a missionary to the Acadians *on English territory.* This should be borne in mind by those who, without any foundation, charge Le Loutre with instilling disloyalty into the hearts and minds of the Acadians. No doubt he did everything possible to induce his countrymen living on English territory to withdraw from the country, but there is no evidence whatever that he ever made any attempt to turn them from their allegiance while they chose to remain subjects of the English sovereign. Abbé Le Loutre and his missionary companions labored in French territory, and hence their zeal and ardor in behalf of their countrymen were entirely justifiable. But Le Loutre's attempt to coerce the Acadians into abandoning the English territory was wrong, and for this he was reprimanded by the Bishop of Quebec. He had the undoubted right to persuade them, but here both right and duty ended. It should, however, be remembered that, as Richard says, "The guilt of the French in using extreme measures to compel the Acadians to withdraw from the English territory, does not surpass nor even equal that of the Governors; in one case there was violence *in* the exercise of a right, in the other violence

*against* the exercise of a right." The conduct of the French was blameworthy rather in its methods than in its purpose.

As to the Abbé Le Loutre's zeal, which had grown into a fanaticism, surely his desire to win over the Acadians to the French territory, where their faith would not be tampered with, was most natural, in view of the project which Governor Shirley had disclosed by letter to the Duke of Newcastle under date, August 15, 1746: . . . ."By which means and removing the Romish priests out of the Province and introducing Protestant English schools and French Protestant ministers and due encouragement given to such of the Acadians as shall conform to the Protestant religion and send their children to English schools in the next generation, they would, in a great measure, become true Protestant subjects." Who will deny that this was an infamous project? or that the Abbé Le Loutre's zeal and care for the Acadians were not well-timed and directed?

The next phase of the question to be considered is the main one of expulsion and deportation. In whose mind did this idea first obtain, and what were the motives which begot it? We have seen the Acadians were faithful to their oath of allegiance—that under no circumstances did they fail to declare and prove themselves

subjects of Great Britain. It is true they demanded a restricted oath which would exempt them, in case of war between the English and French, from fighting against their own kinsmen. Now the strange thing about this qualified oath is that it should prove satisfactory to Governor Phillips but entirely unsatisfactory to Governor Lawrence. For forty-three years these peaceful Acadians lived and tilled their fertile acres, remaining ever true to this "Serment de Fidélité," rejecting every overture made by the French to attach themselves to France, and, notwithstanding all this, the English governors have already planned their cruel expulsion and deportation, provided they can only prevail upon the Home Government to subscribe to it.

The sinister project of the deportation can be traced back to the time of Governor Phillips, but it remained for Lawrence to carry the heartless project into execution. Hopson, who succeeded Cornwallis as Governor, had, by his tact, kindness and conciliatory spirit, so far gained the confidence and good-will of these honest and simple Acadians that, had it not been for fear and dread of the Indians, they would have subscribed to an unrestricted oath of allegiance and become subjects of Great Britain in fact. This is borne out by a letter which Governor Hopson wrote the Lords of Trade, under date of July

23, 1753: "That they (the Acadians) went so far as to hold consultations whether they should not throw themselves under the protection of the English Government and become subjects to all intents and purposes; but there arose a considerable objection to their taking this step, which was that, *as they lived on farms very remote from one another, and, of course, are not capable of resisting any kind of enemy*, the French might send the Indians among them and distress them to such a degree *that they would not be able to remain on their farms.*"

Here we have correctly set forth by a governor, in a letter to the Lords of Trade, the reason why the Acadians had, at all times, refused to subscribe to an unqualified oath of allegiance.

Governor Hopson was a man of a just and kindly disposition, as may be seen from the following orders which he issued to the commanders in charge of the forts at Grand Pré and Pigiguit:

"You are to look on the Acadians *in the same light with the rest of His Majesty's subjects* as to the protection of the laws and government, *for which reason nothing is to be taken from them by force* or any price set upon their goods, but what they themselves agree to; and if, at any time, they should obstinately refuse to comply with

what His Majesty's service may require of them, *you are not to redress yourself by military force*, or in any unlawful manner, but to lay the case before the Governor, and wait his orders thereon. You are to cause the following orders to be stuck up in the most public part of the fort, both in English and French:

"First. The provisions or any other commodities that the Acadians shall bring to the fort to sell are not to be taken from them at any fixed price, but to be paid for according to a free agreement made between them and the purchasers.

"Second. No officer, non-commissioned officer or soldier shall presume to insult or otherwise abuse any of the Acadians, who are upon all occasions to be treated as His Majesty's subjects and to whom the laws of the country are open to protect as well as to punish.

"At the season of laying in fuel for the fort you are to signify to the Acadians by their deputies that it is His Majesty's pleasure they lay in the quantity of wood that you require; and when they have complied, you are to give them certificates, specifying what quantity they have furnished, which will entitle them to payment at Halifax."

These orders do infinite credit to Governor Hopson in his high character for justice, and in

their every line may be read the treatment which was accorded the Acadians during the rule of previous governors. They are not alone an eloquent eulogy of Hopson's character, but inferentially a key to the condition of the Acadians during the preceding years.

No sooner, however, had Lawrence become governor than he revoked these just and humane orders of Hopson. Here is the order which Lawrence sent to all the forts:

"*You are not to bargain* with the Acadians for their payment; but as they bring in what is wanted you will furnish them with certificates which will entitle them to such payment at Halifax as shall be thought reasonable. *If they should immediately fail to comply, you will assure them that the next courier will bring an order for military execution upon the delinquents.*" A few weeks later Governor Lawrence, writing to Captain Murray, commandant of Fort Edward, whom the historian Philip H. Smith designates "an upstart despot," adds to the former order the following:

"*No excuse will be taken* for not fetching in firewood, and if they do not do it in proper time, the soldiers shall absolutely *take their houses for fuel.*" Of course, none of these orders, or letters, are to be found in the Nova Scotia archives. Their presence would embarrass and defeat the

purpose of the compiler, Thomas B. Akins, who held a brief for Lawrence and his associates.

It would be tedious to follow all the machinations and plans resorted to by Lawrence, in order to give a semblance of justice to the cruel and heartless project he had resolved upon carrying out. Like Macbeth, who had fixed upon the death of Duncan long ere the latter was resting as a guest beneath the battlements of his castle, so this murderous despot, sprung, through artifice and low cunning, into colonial power and sovereignty from the office of a house painter, has been nursing in his heart for years this cruel plot, which, when carried into execution, would stain forever the virgin page of New World history and plant a crime upon our Canadian shores for which every true lover of our land, its justice and its honor, must forever blush.

The seed of this crime had found ready soil in the cruel, selfish and ambitious heart of Lawrence, and it needed no witches on the heath to nurture and ripen it into fruition.

Lawrence's great purpose at this juncture is to obtain the consent of the Home Government to the deportation which he has been planning. How well this may be gleaned from the following letter, dated August 1, 1754, to the Lords of Trade:

"They (the Acadians) have not for a long

time brought anything to our markets, but on the other hand have carried everything to the French and Indians, whom they have always assisted with provisions, quarters and intelligence, and indeed while they remain without taking the oath to His Majesty—which they never will do till they are forced—and have incendiary French priests among them, there are no hopes of their amendment.

"*As they possess the best and largest tracts of land in this province* it cannot be settled with any effect while they remain in this situation, and *though I would be very far from attempting such a step without your Lordship's approbation, yet I cannot help being of opinion that it would be much better if they refuse the oath that they were away.*"

If Lawrence could only provoke the Acadians to some act that would justify an increase of rigor; but no, these peaceful people obey every order, no matter how harsh.

To the honor of the English Government, whose sense of justice is much higher and more acute than that of a Hastings in India or a Lawrence in Nova Scotia, the Lords of Trade refused to countenance the expulsion of the Acadians. On the 15th of August the Secretary of State wrote Governor Lawrence in respect to the latter's purpose to expel the deserted Acadians—though

this purpose was couched in such ambiguity that it might mean all the Acadians north of the Peninsula. "Let your intention have been what it will, it is not doubted but that you have considered the pernicious consequences that may arise from an alarm which may have been given to the whole body of French Neutrals, and how suddenly an insurrection may follow from despair or what an additional number of useful subjects may be given by their flight to the French King." . . . "In regard to the three years' transmigration proposed for the Acadians of the Peninsula, it would be depriving Great Britain of a very considerable number of useful subjects if such transmigration should extend to those who were inhabitants there at the time of the treaty and to their descendants."

But no; Lawrence is determined to carry out his plan of deportation. Do the Acadians not "*possess the best and largest tracts of land in the province*," and consequently, is it not better "*that they were away*"? Besides, are there not 118,300 cattle, sheep, pigs and horses, the property of the Acadians, which will fall into his hands? Therefore is he bent on the deportation. Lawrence has his eye on the cattle throughout the whole painful drama.

Writing to Colonel Monkton, who was the commandant at Beausejour, this New World

despot gives the following instructions as to the seizure and deportation of the Acadians: "As there may be a deal of difficulty in securing them, you will, to prevent this as much as possible, destroy all the villages on the north and north-west side of the Isthmus that lie any distance from Fort Beausejour, and use every other method to distress as much as can be those who may attempt to conceal themselves in the woods. But I would have all care taken *to save the cattle* and prevent as much as possible the Acadians *from carrying off or destroying the cattle.*" That is the idea; distress as much as possible the inhabitants, but save the cattle!

From a memorial sent, in 1758, to England by a number of Nova Scotians praying that the Home Government would institute an inquiry into the abuses committed by Governor Lawrence, we find the following pertinent paragraph of complaint:

"That the cattle of the Acadians were converted to private use, of which we know 3,600 hogs and near 1,000 head of cattle were killed and packed at Pigiguit alone; sent by water to other places. And what at other forts is yet a secret all unaccounted for to the amount of a very large sum; and he and his commissary are now under great perplexity to cover this iniquitous fraud," etc.

Meantime the drama of the deportation hurries along—more speedily does event follow event with Lawrence as protagonist than the swift fatalism which brings Macbeth face to face with Macduff in the woods of Dunsinane. The Acadians have been deprived of their boats and guns, their archives carried off, their priests imprisoned. Their delegates, after having finally consented to take the oath of allegiance without restriction, are told that "*as there was no reason to hope their proposed compliance proceeded from an honest mind, and could be esteemed only the effect of compulsion and force, and is contrary to a clause* in an Act of Parliament, 1 George II., chap. 13, whereby persons who have once refused to take oaths cannot be afterwards permitted to take them, *but considered as Popish Recusants;* therefore, they would not be indulged with such permission." And they were thereupon *ordered into confinement.*

And now begins in earnest the sad drama of deportation. There is no other event in history, ancient or modern, which has such a setting of tears. It is a New World tragedy whose memory will go out but with the heart of man.

The transports are lying in the waters, the Acadians are ordered to convene in their church, whose consecrated aisles are desecrated by a brutal and blasphemous soldiery. It is Sunday,

when peace and prayer were wont to hover over the village of Grand Pré! From the steps of the altar Winslow reads the forged order purporting to come from His Majesty the King of England, ordering the people of Grand Pré into exile—"exile without an end and without an example in story."

How touching is the picture Longfellow draws of the embarkation of the poor Acadians, as they turned their faces away from their happy and peaceful homes, to go they knew not whither:

"There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery sea-weed.
Farther back, in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,

Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farm-yard,—
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.
Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded,
Rose no smoke from the roofs, and gleamed no lights from the windows."

For eight years—that is, from 1755 to 1763—the deportation of the ill-fated Acadians continued at intervals. Of the 18,000 who peopled the Peninsula, Isthmus of Shediac, Prince Edward Island and Cape Breton, it is estimated 14,000 were deported, and of this number no less than 8,000 perished. They were scattered upon the shores of Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and the Carolinas, among strangers whose doors and hearts in

many instances were closed to their misfortunes by order of Lawrence to the colonial governors. The goddess Juno, slighted in her beauty, pursued with vengeance the Trojan exiles upon the deep; but the cruel spirit of Lawrence is much more relentless and vindictive, for it pursues his meek and despoiled victims into the very solitude of their exile. Yet this is the man whom Parkman whitewashes and defends. Parkman, whose glowing pages are the delight of thousands! Parkman, who shared for a year the rude and uncivilized life of Indians, that he might the more accurately study their character for the pages of his history! Parkman, who loved the heroic in either the spiritual or physical order! With the real facts of the Acadian expulsion and deportation before him, as found in the documents of the time, the New England historian, who first conceived, under the shadow of Harvard, the idea of writing his ten volumes dealing with the life and fortunes of New France in the New World, blasts forever his reputation as a fair and impartial historian, that he may justify the conduct of the most brutal despot that ever disgraced the annals of Colonial America! Is it any wonder that Laval University, Quebec, founded by the gift and grace of French genius and generosity, hesitated to place upon the brow of the New England chronicler

a doctor's cap? It were, indeed, an honor ill-bestowed. Hannay is also a partisan; Murdoch, honest but weak; Haliburton, the distinguished author of "Sam Slick," judicial and strong; Smith, Casgrain and Rameau, careful and painstaking. It is, however, to the MS. of the Rev. Andrew Brown, and the prolonged research and industry of Edouard Richard, that we owe the true story of the Acadian expulsion and deportation. Kingsford is but an echo of Hannay and Parkman, while Professor Goldwin Smith reflects the three. Yet, even our one-time professor of Oxford is not the last to juggle with the facts of history.

Douglas Sladen, a wandering minstrel from Australia, and a sometime sojourner in Japan, while taking a flying trip through Canada, and dining with some Maritime *literati,* conceived the idea of adding his quota to the literature of this sad chapter in the history of our country. Here is a specimen of his contribution to the subject, taken from a page of his bulky work, entitled "On and Off the Cars." It is very evident that our poetic pilgrim is "off" here. He is speaking of the Acadians: "These poor souls were as fond of their holdings as an Irish peasant"—this, by the way, of course, was a grave crime, seeing that Lawrence wished to settle his friends on their lands—"and had been

rebellious, not from inclination, but because they were body and soul in control of the Church, which was a mere machine in the hands of Abbé Le Loutre."

Mr. Richard spent years in research, consulting the archives of London, Paris and Halifax, ere he ventured to embody in book form the result of his painstaking labors, but Douglas Sladen needed no such research. Truth came to him by intuition and the grace of being a B.A. (Oxon.), England.

Time, however, is fast vindicating the character of the peaceful and pious Acadians.

# IN THE LAND OF THE JESUIT MARTYRS.

THERE is no part of this continent which has such an heroic past as Canada. Its early history is lit up with the faith and devotion of Franciscan, Jesuit, and Sulpician fathers, who, armed with naught but the breviary and the cross, pierced the virgin forests of this land and planted therein the seeds of divine faith. The first explorers were missionaries, who, fired with the double purpose of exploration and religion, traced the course of our great lakes and rivers, bearing to the benighted children upon their shores and banks the Gospel of Christ.

Not a city has been founded but a priest shared in its hopeful labors; not a road blazed through the wilderness but the torch of faith led the way. It was a priest who first traversed Lake Ontario, in a frail canoe; first looked upon that miracle of nature, Niagara Falls; first skirted the shores of Lakes Erie and Huron; first beheld the throbbing bosom of Lake Superior, and named the river which unites it with Lake Huron, St. Mary's. In a word, Canada,

from ocean to ocean, received its first impulse of Christianity, its first impulse of civilization, its first impulse of national life, from missionary priests of the Catholic Church.

"Long before the English missionaries had preached to the Indians of Massachusetts and Virginia," says Bancroft, "the saintly and heroic sons of St. Francis and St. Ignatius of Loyola had borne the message of faith to the very shores of Lake Superior, and won to the fold of Christ thousands of the poor benighted children of the forest who had for centuries been immersed in the grossest and most depraving practices of idolatry." Well might Lord Elgin, Governor-General of Canada, call these twilight days of Canadian life and civilization "the heroic days of Canada," for the Christianizing and civilizing torch of truth was borne into the darkest recesses of the forest by the hand of hero, saint and martyr, who never faltered or hesitated to purchase the triumph of the cross at the cost of their own suffering and lives.

In the bead-roll of the early missionaries whose heroic achievements for the faith light up with lustre the background of Canadian history, there are none whose zeal, self-sacrifice, devotion and suffering more entitle them to the admiration and loving remembrance of the Canadian people than that band of saintly and heroic

laborers known in history as the Jesuit missionaries to the Hurons. These holy and apostolic men fill with their heroism, suffering and labors the pages of Parkman, Bancroft, Marshall and Gilmary Shea, and win from men of every faith the most ardent admiration, veneration and love.

In the northern and western parts of what is now the county of Simcoe, bordering on the Georgian Bay—where to-day are the townships of Sunnidale, Tiny, Medonte, Tay, Matchedash and North Orillia—the Jesuits established their missions among the Hurons, the chief of which were known as the missions of St. Joseph, St. Michael, St. Louis, St. Denis, St. Charles, St. Ignatius, St. Agnes and St. Cecilia. Father Bressani, in his Jesuit "Relation" (p. 36), puts down the total number of missionaries serving the eleven missions among the Hurons as eighteen. Here are their names: Paul Ragueneau, Francis Le Mercier, Peter Chastellain, John de Brébeuf, Claude Pijart, Antoine Daniel, Simon Le Moyne, Charles Garnier, Renat Menard, Francis du Peron, Natal Chabanel, Leonard Garreau, Joseph Poncet, Ivan M. Chaumont, Francis Bressani, Gabriel Lalemant, Jacques Morin, Adrian Daran and Adrian Grelon. Bancroft is therefore in error, as Dean Harris points out in his excellent work on the Jesuit missions,

when he states that there were forty missionaries with the Hurons, and Marshall still more so when, quoting from Walters, in his "Christian Missions" (vol. i.), he places the number at sixty. Father Martin, S.J., in his appendix to Bressani's history, gives the names of all the priests who served on the Huron missions, from the Franciscan, Joseph Le Caron, who opened the first Mission to the Hurons in 1615, to Adrian Grelon, S.J., who was the last of the priests to arrive in Huronia, August 6, 1648.

That the Jesuit missions to the Hurons were eminently successful in their purpose—the Christianizing of the Indians—may be learned from the following statement of Father Bressani in his Jesuit "Relation":

"Whereas at the date of our arrival we found not a single soul possessing a knowledge of the true God, at the present day, in spite of persecution, want, famine, war and pestilence, there is not a single family which does not count some Christians even where all the members have not yet professed the faith."

In 1638, twelve years after Father John de Brébeuf and his two companions, Father De Noue and Joseph de la Roche Dallion, had arrived at the Huron village of Ihonatiria, which was situated on a point on the western entrance of what is now called Penetanguishene Bay,

the missionaries took the census of the Huron country. It was late in the autumn, and the Indians had returned from their hunting and fishing expeditions. Two by two they travelled from one end of the country to the other, taking note of the number of villages, counting the people, and making topographical maps. When they had collected all statistics the results showed 32 villages, 700 lodges, 2,000 fires, and 12,000 persons who cultivated the soil, fished in Lake Huron, and hunted in the surrounding woods.

As has been already stated, the Hurons occupied the northern and western portion of Simcoe County, Ontario, embraced within the peninsula formed by the Matchedash and Nottawasaga Bays, the River Severn and Lake Simcoe. The Huron league was composed of the four following nations: the Attigonantans, Attigonenons, Arendorons and Tohontaenrats, and known to the French as the nations of the Bear, the Wolf, the Hawk and the Heron. They derived the modern title of Huron from the French, but their proper name was Owendat or Wyandot.

Between the Hurons and the Iroquois, those tigers of the forest, there had existed for years a deadly feud. The latter were the most warlike and ruthless of the American Indians. In the spring of 1648 a large war-party of them

crossed the St. Lawrence, and, pushing their way by lake, stream and forest, fell upon the Huron settlement with the most bloodthirsty ferocity, and, setting fire to the villages, put to death or led captive nearly the whole population, including many of the missionaries. The first mission to be attacked was the village of St. Joseph, near where now stands the beautiful town of Barrie, at the head of Kempenfeldt Bay. Father Daniel, who had arrived in Huronia in 1633, had charge of this mission. He was pierced through with arrows and bullets as he stood in the door of the chapel encouraging his people with the words, "We will die here and shall meet again in heaven." Father Daniel was the first of the priests in northern Canada to receive the martyr's crown, and is known as the "proto-martyr" of the Hurons.

The other priests to suffer martyrdom at the hands of the Iroquois were Father Garnier, Father Chabanel, Father Lalemant, and Father Brébeuf. Nothing could exceed the fiendish cruelty and torture to which the brave-hearted Brébeuf and the gentle Lalemant were subjected at the hands of these Iroquois demons. They were stripped of their clothing, tied to a stake, and, after undergoing every manner of atrocious torture and mutilation, slowly burnt to death.

To Mr. Douglas Brymner, Canadian archivist

at Ottawa, is due the credit of having discovered and given to the public, in 1884, an original document bearing upon the martyrdom of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant. This document is in the form of a letter written by Christopher Regnant, coadjutor-brother with the Jesuits of Caen, and companion of Fathers Brébeuf and Lalemant, and is dated 1678.

Dr. Gilmary Shea, who is usually very accurate, is in error, however, when he states that the remains of Father Brébeuf were permanently interred at the Seminary of St. Mary's on the Wye. They were brought to Quebec—the bones having been previously kiln-dried and sacredly wrapped in plush. The skull of the martyred priest is preserved in a silver reliquary in the Hôtel Dieu at Quebec, and may be seen by any one desirous of venerating the sacred relic.

These heroes of the faith have passed away, and the children of their care, for whom they suffered martyrdom, have all disappeared save a small remnant who settled at Lorette, some thirteen miles from Quebec. There may be found dwelling to-day all that remains of that mighty race of hunters and fighters once known as the Huron Nation.

But the memory of the heroes, saints and martyrs, who sanctified our forests with their sacred ministries in the praise and service of

Him whom they faithfully served unto death, shall forever abide in the land, nourishing our souls with the ardor of prayer, fortifying our hearts with the chrism of courage, calling down upon the devout and pure of heart the benediction of Heaven.

Where once the saintly Jesuit Fathers moved among their Indian converts and catechumens, consoling them in their afflictions, absolving them in their sins, ministering to their every spiritual and bodily want, there stand to-day temples in which worship a devout and faithful people, and upon whose altars are daily offered up the same great, unchanging and Eternal Sacrifice by whose power is wrought the glorious deeds of hero, confessor and martyr.

Not far from where stood the mother-house of the Jesuit missions to the Hurons with its chapel and hospital, known as St. Mary's on the Wye, the saintly memory of the Jesuit martyrs is being honored and perpetuated to-day in a beautiful and noble temple which, when completed, will be known as the Memorial Church of St. Joseph and St. Anne, Penetanguishene. The pastor of the mission is Rev. T. F. Laboureau, who, like many others of his noble countrymen, left his home in sunny Burgundy forty years ago, in company with the first Bishop of Toronto, Monsignor Charbonnel, to share in

the hardships incidental to early mission-life in Canada.

The parish of Penetanguishene is one of the oldest and most interesting historically among the early Catholic missions of Ontario. The town was at its inception made a naval and military British post, consequent on the transference there of the British garrison from Drummond Island in Lake Huron in 1827, in conformity with certain negotiations which followed the treaty of Ghent, fixing the boundary between Canada and the United States so that Drummond Island was included in the territory of the latter. The Indians of Drummond Island, who had lived under the protection of Great Britain, were first chiefly settled at Waubashene, Coldwater, Orillia, and Beausoleil Island. A few years later they were placed on the new reserve on Manitoulin Island.

At the time the garrison was transferred from Drummond Island to Penetanguishene, there were living on the Penetanguishene Bay two traders, George Gondon and Antoine Corbiere, and a few *voyageurs*, deserters from the service of the Compagnie de Lachine or North-West Company. Of these *voyageurs* the chief were Thomas Leduc and Joseph Messier—the latter of whom is still living, at the age of ninety.

In those days there was no resident mission-

ary priest to attend to the spiritual wants of either the people of Drummond Island or Penetanguishene. Missionaries paid occasional visits to both places, among whom may be mentioned Father Crevier, of Sandwich, and Fathers Badin and Ballard. In February, 1832, Bishop Macdonell, of Kingston, accompanied by Father Crevier, paid a pastoral visit to Penetanguishene, and remained a few days. In the interval between the visit of Bishop Macdonell and the arrival in the fall of 1833 of Father Dempsey, a Father Cullen came to give a few days' retreat to the people. Father Dempsey, who came from Glengarry, that good old Catholic county, the venerable nucleus and nursery of Catholic faith in Ontario, was therefore the first resident missionary priest of the parish of Penetanguishene. Father Dempsey, however, had charge of the parish but a few months when he was stricken with illness, from which he died, at the home of Mr. Bergin, some seven miles north of Barrie.

It can be seen, therefore, that on Drummond Island and at Penetanguishene there had been no resident priest for years. How, you will ask, was the faith preserved? Largely through the labors of two or three ardent and exemplary Catholic laymen, chief among whom was D. Revol, a scholarly and cultured Frenchman, who

labored with a zeal and devotion worthy of a true and fervent Catholic. It was in a great measure through his generosity and labors that the first church, a small log building, was erected in Penetanguishene, which did duty until 1860, when it was replaced by the frame church that lately has given way to the Memorial Church, which is as yet unfinished.

Mr. Revol left Penetanguishene for Montreal, and on his way down called upon Bishop Gaulin, coadjutor to Bishop Macdonell, of Kingston, to represent to His Lordship the needs of the Catholic people of Penetanguishene. It was likely due to his pressing solicitations that Bishop Macdonell sent Father Dempsey to Penetanguishene, in 1833.

In September, 1835, Bishop Gaulin visited Penetanguishene, and from his pastoral visits dates the first entry in the written records of the parish. The first entry in the book is the baptism of Edward Rosseau, son of J. Rosseau and Julie Lamorandieu, and is written in the French language. Bishop Gaulin announced to the congregation, amid great rejoicing, that a young priest recently ordained would be sent to them in a few weeks. On the 27th of October, 1835, the young priest announced by Bishop Gaulin, who was none other than Father Jean Baptiste Proulx, arrived in Penetanguishene.

The newly appointed parish priest took a deep interest in the Indians, and at times extended his spiritual labors among them as far as Sault Ste. Marie. In 1837, desiring to devote himself exclusively to the Indians, he obtained a priest to reside in Penetanguishene—Father Charest, from the district of Three Rivers, Quebec. Father Proulx paid flying visits to Penetanguishene during the following year, as may be seen by the records, and after that his name does not appear in the entries till 1845. He had succeeded in gathering a large number of the Indians who were living around Gloucester Bay and locating them in the Great Manitoulin Island, where they obtained a good reserve. After a few years, about 1845, in his desire to secure for the Indians the benefit of a less precarious attendance than could be given by the secular clergy, Father Proulx obtained the services of a religious order—the Jesuits—to take them in charge.

Shortly before his death this venerable priest was created a Domestic Prelate of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., with the title of Monsignor, an honor well merited by virtue of nearly fifty years of zeal, self-sacrifice and devotion as priest and missionary of northern Canada. Monsignor Proulx, together with the late Monsignor Rooney, and the saintly Bishop Jamot, will be

forever remembered as of that sturdy band of priests with soul of fire and frame of iron, who belong to the heroic days of missionary life in Canada.

Father Charest, who succeeded Father Proulx at Penetanguishene, remained there from 1837 to 1854. His labors were arduous. It was the time of immigration, when new settlers were passing through the front and seeking homes in the backwoods. The district under his charge was immense. It extended from Penetanguishene to the Narrows, and from Barrie to Owen Sound. In following the parish records you can see that one day Father Charest is in Penetanguishene, the next in Coldwater, the next at the Narrows. Another week he would be at Medonte, Flos, and come back to Penetanguishene to go to Barrie, Nottawasaga, Collingwood and Owen Sound. It was only in 1854 that the first priest, Father Jamot, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, was stationed in Barrie.

During the years of Father Charest's administration of the parish there was a large advent of French Canadians to Penetanguishene and the township of Tiny, making what is called the French Settlement. Many of these early French Canadian settlers engaged in lumbering, and when the timber was all exhausted not a few of

them left for Minnesota, Dakota and the Canadian North-West.

Father Charest was followed, in 1854, by Father Claude Terner, a priest from France, and Father Libaudy, another French priest. Then came Father John Kennedy, whose career was cut short by a melancholy accident. He was drowned in Penetanguishene Bay in an attempt to save one of the boys in his charge who had fallen overboard.

Poor Father Kennedy was succeeded in 1873 by the present incumbent of the parish of Penetanguishene, Father Laboureau, who is possessed of that zeal, piety and generosity of heart which mark in so eminent a degree the life-work and character of that noble band of pioneer priests who, in the morning of their manhood, forsook home and country in the Old World to contribute to the spiritual shapings of parish and diocese in the vast but spiritually untilled fields of Canada and the North-West.

Father Laboureau is, in a measure, heir and representative of the glorious past of historic Penetanguishene—successor to the Jesuit heroes and martyrs whose deeds illumine the pages of our country's history and whose blood consecrates the soil of the ancient land of Huronia.

Nor has Father Laboureau been unmindful of the memory of that great and heroic band of

missionaries who first planted the seed of faith upon the shores of the Georgian Bay and nurtured it with the blood of martyrs.

About sixteen years ago the successor to these great and goodly men conceived the idea of erecting on the shores of the Georgian Bay, at Penetanguishene, a memorial church as a fitting monument to those holy and noble men, Brébeuf, Lalemant, and their companions, the early missionaries to that part of Canada, to recall and perpetuate their memory and the history of the mission.

The proposition met at once with general acceptance, and it was determined, since the memory and glory of those men are the property of the nation, to make the erection of the memorial church a national undertaking and appeal to the people of Canada at large for contributions.

To better facilitate Father Laboureau in his work, he was furnished with letters of recommendation from His Grace the Most Reverend Dr. Lynch, Archbishop of Toronto, while the mayor and council of Penetanguishene placed in his hands a memorial to His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, in which they showed the desire evinced on many sides to have a monument erected to the men who have been the first national glory of this country, and

asked him to kindly endorse the undertaking that it might be shown that it had the approval and sympathy of the Lieutenant-Governor of the Province especially concerned in it.

The site chosen for this beautiful monumental temple is a spot in a commanding position overlooking the picturesque bay, and the whole scene of the Huron mission.

On the 5th of September, 1886, His Grace the late Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, assisted by the late Monsignor O'Bryen, blessed and laid the corner-stone of the Memorial Church, in the presence of a large number of the clergy, His Honor John Beverley Robinson, then Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, and many representative men from Toronto and various adjacent towns. Rev. Dr. Harris, author of "The History of the Early Missions in Western Canada," preached on the occasion.

In the summer of 1888 Father Laboureau visited France and England in the interest of his projected church, and received much kindly aid from such distinguished personages as the Marquis of Lorne, former Governor-General of Canada, and the Princess Louise; the late Cardinal Manning, Sir Charles Tupper, the Archbishop of Rouen, and the bishops of Normandy, the country of Father Brébeuf; Honorable L. P. Morton, then United States Ambassador to

France, members of the French Academy, senators, and many other eminent persons.

The style of architecture adopted in the building of the Memorial Church is late Romanesque, the material being "rock-faced" granite stone split, trimmed with white and red stone. The main body of the church is one hundred and twenty-five feet in length by fifty feet in breadth, the façade being wider—about ninety feet—in order to support the towers projecting out from the body of the church. The two transepts on the sides of the church will be used as chapels, and are intended to contain the commemorative monuments.

# THE PIONEER BISHOP OF ONTARIO.

IT is just seventy-five years since Pope Leo XII. erected Upper Canada, now known as the Province of Ontario, into a diocese, and appointed Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, D.D., its first Bishop, under the title of Regiopolis of Kingston—Kingston being chosen as the episcopal see. The diocese comprised the whole of the present Province of Ontario, which has since been subdivided into the eight dioceses of Kingston, Toronto, Ottawa, Hamilton, London, Peterborough, Pembroke and Alexandria. From 1820 to 1826 Upper Canada was under the care of a Vicar-Apostolic, Bishop Macdonell having been consecrated Bishop of Resina and Vicar-Apostolic of Upper Canada, in the Ursuline Convent, Quebec, on December 31, 1820.

Three years previous to this two other vicariates had been established—one in Nova Scotia and the other in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and the Magdalen Islands.

In 1819 Quebec, the mother diocese of Catholicity in North America, was erected into a metropolitan see with Most Rev. Dr. Joseph

Octave Plessis, eleventh Bishop of Quebec, as its Archbishop, having as suffragan bishops the Vicars-Apostolic of Upper Canada, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and the Magdalen Islands.

On the erection of Upper Canada into a diocese, in 1826, there were but seven priests in the whole Province, namely: Father William Fraser at Kingston, Father Angus Macdonell at St. Raphael, Father John Macdonald at Perth, Father James Crowley at York (now Toronto), Father Patrick Haran at Richmond on the Ottawa, and Fathers Joseph Crevier and Louis Joseph Fluet in charge of the missions at Sandwich and Malden.

More than a century and a half had elapsed since Sulpician, Recollet and Jesuit Fathers had labored among the Huron, Neutral and Cayuga Indians on the shores of the Georgian Bay, in the peninsula of Niagara and along the Bay of Quinte.

The names of Fathers Chaumont, Brébeuf and Fenelon, the latter a brother of the illustrious Archbishop of Cambray, lived only in the annals of the missions, and the span of years which intervened between these twilight days of the cross and the advent of the pioneer Bishop of Ontario, Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, created new duties and a new field of labor for

the missionaries—the needs of religious ministration among the early Catholic settlers being paramount to every consideration of missionary work among the Indians.

Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, the first Bishop of Ontario, who laid the foundations of the Catholic Church in this province deeply and securely, was in every sense of the word a remarkable man. He was born in Glen Urquhart on the borders of Loch Ness, Inverness-shire, Scotland, on July 17, 1762, and being from his infancy destined for the Church, was at an early age sent to Douay, thence to the Scottish College at Paris, and, subsequently, to the Scottish College at Valladolid, in Spain, where he was ordained priest, on February 16, 1787. On leaving Valladolid he returned to Scotland, and served for four or five years as a missionary priest at Badenoch and the Braes of Lochaber, so celebrated in the old Jacobite song, "Lochaber no more."

In 1803 Father Macdonell, in company with a band of his countrymen, came to Canada for the purpose of seeking a grant of land from the government in consideration of the services which the Glengarry Highlanders, who were known as the Glengarry Fencible Regiment, of which Father MacDonell had been the chaplain, had rendered the British Crown.

This favor was granted by the Home Government. Father Macdonell obtained for every officer and soldier of the Glengarry Regiment whom he should introduce into Upper Canada the sign manual for a grant of land. The present county of Glengarry was the point of settlement, and there the patriotic and sturdy Highlanders planted the seeds of that faith which was once the glory and crown of dear old Scotia.

Soon after Father Macdonell's arrival he was appointed to the mission of St. Raphael, in Upper Canada, and in 1807 became Vicar-General. Here he devoted himself with ardor and zeal to the duties of his sacred office. "For more than thirty years," says his biographer, "his life was devoted to the missions of Upper Canada. He travelled from the province line at Coteau-du-Lac to Lake Superior, through a country without roads or bridges, often carrying his vestments on his back, sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot, or in the rough wagons then used, and sometimes in Indian bark canoes, traversing the great inland lakes and navigating the rivers Ottawa and St. Lawrence to preach the Word of God and administer the rites of the Church to the widely scattered Catholics, many of whom were Irish immigrants who had braved the difficulties of settling in our Canadian woods

and swamps. By his zeal, his prudence, his perseverance and good sense, these settlers as they multiplied around him were placed in that sphere and social position to which they were justly entitled."

As has been already stated, when Upper Canada was erected into a diocese there were but seven priests in the Province. What the Catholic population was is not known—probably twenty-five thousand. The total population of Upper Canada was 166,000. The chief missions were Kingston, St. Raphael in Glengarry, Perth, York (Toronto), Richmond, Sandwich and Malden.

In 1827 Bishop Macdonell began a visitation of his immense diocese. When he reached Guelph he met there Mr. John Galt, Commissioner of the Canada Company, from whom he obtained a block of land upon a hill overlooking the settlement, on which to erect a church. On this site stands to-day the magnificent church of the Jesuit Fathers—one of the finest ecclesiastical structures in the Province. As a result of Bishop Macdonell's pastoral visit in the West, Father Campion, then stationed at Niagara, was directed to visit St. Thomas and London twice a year.

Sandwich and Malden, as we have seen, were in charge of Fathers Crevier and Fluet, the

former of whom was afterward transferred to Penetanguishene. Sandwich, or the old Assumption Parish, is the oldest mission in western Canada. It dates back to 1744, and the Huron church was built there in 1748. Father Potier, the last of the Jesuits of the West, was here nearly forty years and died in 1781. For upward of one hundred and fifty years this ancient mission has, under French and English masters, continued to exist, and is now the centre of many flourishing parishes. It is worth noting that the Detroit mission is closely connected with the early settlements at Sandwich and Malden, and is in a sense the parent mission of those in the western peninsula of Upper Canada.

It is not known whether Bishop Macdonell visited on this episcopal tour the old Indian missions on Manitoulin Island, and along the shores of Lake Superior. It was not till 1835 that a priest attended these missions regularly, the first to do it being Father Proulx, who had his residence at Penetanguishene. In 1837, at his own request, Father Proulx took up his residence on the Manitoulin Island, and remained among the Indians till 1845, when all the northern missions on the lakes were given over to the Jesuits.

In 1830 Bishop Macdonell took up his resi-

dence in York. He had been named a member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada, and his civil duties as such required his presence in the capital during the parliamentary sessions. Since his consecration he had lived chiefly at St. Raphael and Kingston.

In 1832 Bishop Macdonell secured from the government a grant of four acres of land at Niagara, being part of the military reserve. Here, on the advent of Father Gordon, about 1835, a church was built, under the title of St. Vincent de Paul, which continues in use to the present day. The years 1828 and 1829 were marked by the rise of parishes in Peterborough, Belleville, Prescott and Bytown (now Ottawa). Father Crowley was the first resident pastor of Peterborough, Father Michael Brennan the first of Belleville, Father Timothy O'Meara of Prescott, and Father Angus Macdonell of Ottawa, which is now the capital of the Dominion and the seat of an archbishopric.

Owing to the great influx of immigrants, the Catholic population of Upper Canada increased rapidly between the years 1826 and 1834. Here is the Catholic census for 1834, as it appears in Dr. Thomas Ralph's valuable work, "Canada and the West Indies." The population of each mission is given separately as follows: St. Raphael, 4,765; St. Andrew, 3,587; Lon-

gueuil, 2,554; Prescott and Brockville, 1,522; Bytown, 3,221; Perth, 3,643; Kingston, 4,163; Belleville, 1,135; Peterborough, 3,584; Toronto, 3,240; Adjala, 2,356; Townships of Toronto and Trafalgar, 785; Penetanguishene, 856; Guelph and Dundas, 1,537; Niagara, 2,040; London and St. Thomas, 3,536; Mission of the River Thames, 2,600; Sandwich, 4,724; Amherstburg, 2,580—making a total Catholic population of 52,428.

The total population of the Province in the same year—that is, 1834—as given in the official census, was 321,145.

Not the least of Bishop Macdonell's episcopal works was the establishing and maintenance of a seminary at St. Raphael for the training of young men for the priesthood. "This seminary," says Chevalier Macdonell, in his "Reminiscences of Bishop Macdonell," "was a very modest affair; but it had the honor to produce some of the most efficient missionaries of the time, among whom may be mentioned Rev. George Hay of St. Andrew's, Rev. Michael Brennan of Belleville, and Rev. Edward Gordon of Hamilton."

During the years 1836 and 1838 Bishop Macdonell issued several pastoral addresses not only to his own flock but to the inhabitants of the Province at large. In one of these, addressed

more especially to the Protestants, he says: "I address my Protestant as well as my Catholic friends, because I feel assured that during the long period of four-and-forty years that my intercourse with some of you, and two-and-thirty with others, has subsisted, no man will say that in promoting your temporal interest I ever made any difference between Catholic and Protestant; and indeed it would be both unjust and ungrateful in me if I did, for I have found Protestants upon all occasions as ready to meet my wishes and second my efforts to promote the public good as the Catholics themselves; and it is with no small gratification that I here acknowledge having received from Orangemen unequivocal and substantial proofs of disinterested friendship and generosity of heart."

To his own Catholic countrymen he said: "When a Prime Minister of England (Mr. Addington), in 1802, expressed to me his reluctance to permit Scotch Highlanders to emigrate to the Canadas from his apprehension that the hold the parent state had of the Canadas was too slender to be permanent, I took the liberty of assuring him that the most effectual way to render that hold strong and permanent was to encourage and facilitate the emigration of Scotch Highlanders and Irish Catholics into these colonies."

And lastly to Irish Catholics, for whom he had ever exhibited a paternal regard he had this to say: "Your loyalty and general good conduct, my friends, have obtained for you the approbation and confidence of government, notwithstanding the attempt that was made to create a general prejudice and raise an alarm in the Province on the arrival of the first batch of Irish Catholic emigrants in the settlement of Perth. They were reported riotous, mutinous, and what-not. An application was made for military force to put them down, and this report was sent to the Home Government. Being at the time on the continent, the Colonial Minister, Earl Bathurst, wrote to me to hasten my return to Canada, as the Irish Catholic emigrants were getting quite unruly. On coming to London and calling at the Colonial Office I assured Lord Bathurst that if fair play were given to the Irish Catholics, and justice done to them, I would pledge my life their conduct would be as loyal and orderly as that of any of His Majesty's subjects. Mr. William Horton, the Under-Secretary, who happened to be in the office at the time, requested that I would give him that assurance in writing in order to take it to the Council which was just going to sit. Yes, my friends, I pledged my life for your good conduct —and during the period of fifteen years which

have elapsed since that pledge was given I have had no cause to regret the confidence I placed in your honor and your loyalty."

In 1837 the "Rebellion" in Upper Canada broke out. Bishop Macdonell felt it his duty to uphold the Constitution, and urged the Canadian people to seek redress for their wrongs and to reform the existing abuses by constitutional means alone.

On the 16th of February, 1837, Bishop Macdonell celebrated his Golden Jubilee. The ceremony took place in the parish church of St. Raphael in presence of more than two thousand people. The Bishop of Montreal and many of his clergy desired to be present but were prevented by the severity of the weather. The Bishop addressed his countrymen before Mass in Gaelic, their native tongue.

After narrating the progress that had been made in religion in the Province during his episcopal reign, Bishop Macdonell begged the forgiveness of his people for any bad example he had given them and for any neglect or omission of his duty during his ministry among them for so many years, begging of them their prayers and supplications at the Throne of Mercy on his behalf.

In 1837 a project very dear to Bishop Macdonell's heart was put into practical effect. It

was the establishment and endowment of a seminary at Kingston for the education of the clergy. Having obtained a charter from the Legislature, the corner-stone of the college was laid on June 11, 1838, Bishop Macdonell officiating, assisted by his coadjutor, Mgr. Gaulin, Vicar-General Angus Macdonell and others of his clergy. This seminary, known as Regiopolis College, which for thirty years was the nursery of some of the most zealous, pious and gifted priests and prelates of the Province, was obliged, through lack of funds, to close its doors in 1869, on the withdrawal by the Legislature of all grants to denominational institutions.

In the summer of 1839 Bishop Macdonell set sail for England for the purpose of collecting funds for his newly established seminary. From England he went to Ireland, accepting the invitation of the Earl of Gosford, formerly Governor-General of Canada, to visit him at Gosford Castle, near Armagh. While travelling in Ireland Bishop Macdonell contracted a cold which settled in his lungs. He shortly afterward set out for Scotland, arriving at Dumfries on January 11, 1840. Under the care of Rev. William Reid, the parish priest of that town, whose guest the Bishop was, he seemed to have become apparently restored to his usual health. On the night of the 14th, however, he grew weak, and a

physician being called in, Father Reid administered to him without delay the rites of the Church. A few minutes after, the great and heroic Bishop Macdonell breathed his last, peacefully as a child.

The funeral service was held in St. Mary's Cathedral, Edinburgh, the sermon being preached by Bishop Murdoch, of Glasgow. At the conclusion of the ceremonies the body was removed to St. Margaret's Convent and placed in the vaults beneath the chapel, pending such arrangements as should be made for its removal to Canada. In 1861 his remains were brought to Kingston by Bishop Horan, and committed to their last resting-place beneath the cathedral, in the midst of the people he had loved so well in life.

The pioneer Bishop of Ontario was indeed a great and noble personage. He laid the foundations of Catholicity in this province wisely and well. Bishop Macdonell became the chief pastor of Upper Canada when there were in it but seven priests and about 25,000 Catholics. Now Ontario has a Catholic population of more than 400,000, attended to spiritually by nearly 500 priests. The mustard seed planted by the great and heroic Bishop and patriot has indeed blossomed and bourgeoned till it has become a mighty tree full of spiritual comfort and joy to

the many who seek quickening life and shelter beneath its heavenly branches. The old Diocese of Regiopolis has broadened and expanded into seven other episcopal sees; Catholic colleges, convents and schools crown our cities and towns with their turrets and towers; the life of Catholicity has grown apace intellectually as well as spiritually, but it never should be forgotten that the triumphs and conquests of the Cross to-day in Ontario have been made possible through the zeal, heroism and devotion of the Honorable and Right Reverend Alexander Macdonell, first Bishop of Upper Canada.

# THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN ONTARIO.

ONE of the most notable facts in the history of the Province of Ontario during the past half century is the wonderful growth and development of the Catholic Church. Fifty years ago it was but a mustard seed; to-day it is a great cedar of Lebanon. Fifty years ago there were but three dioceses in Ontario; to-day there are eight, three of which are metropolitan sees. Fifty years ago there were not more than sixty priests scattered throughout the Province from Sandwich to Ottawa and from Lake Erie to the Manitoulin Islands, to minister to the spiritual needs of about one hundred and thirty thousand Catholics; to-day there are four hundred and fifty priests, who have spiritual charge of four hundred thousand Catholics. Yet these facts constitute but a segment in the great circle of progress which marks the history of the Catholic Church in Ontario during the past fifty years. What shall be said of the multiplication of churches, of colleges, of convents, of hospitals, which tell of Catholic faith, Catholic toil, Catholic generosity? The Irish Catholic

immigrant who came to this country, as the Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee says, "with much poverty, great faith and willing hands," not only felled the forests, built bridges and constructed railroads and canals, but reared temples to God which bear testimony to his faith in tower and turret, spire and cross, melting away into immortal light.

The first two Catholic settlements in Ontario (Upper Canada) were at Sandwich, on the Detroit River, and St. Raphael, in the County of Glengarry, in the eastern part of the Province. The settlement at Sandwich was French, and was, together with Malden (now Amherstburg), an offshoot of the old Detroit mission founded by the Jesuits in the beginning of the eighteenth century. The Glengarry settlement was made up of Highlanders—some of them descendants of the clans who fatefully escaped the terrible massacre of Glencoe. These stalwart Celts brought with them a robust faith and were most loyally attached to the British Crown. They came to Glengarry from Orange (Albany), N.Y., about the year 1776.

The earliest name found in connection with the Niagara mission is that of Vicar-General Burke, who afterwards became Vicar-Apostolic of Nova Scotia. This great pioneer missionary was stationed at historic Niagara from 1796 to

1798. Father Burke and Father McKenna, it appears, were the pioneer Irish priests in Ontario. Of course, during the French *régime* there was a chapel and a Recollet Father in charge at Niagara as early as the year 1720.

In 1804 Bishop Plessis, of Quebec, confided the spiritual care of the Province of Ontario to the Rev. Alexander Macdonell, who had one assistant, and these two did all the missionary work between Glengarry and Sandwich. By the year 1816 the number of priests had increased to six, stationed as follows: Fathers Alexander Macdonell and John Macdonald, at St. Raphael, in Glengarry; Father De la Mothe, at Perth; Father Perenault, at Kingston; and Fathers Marchand and Crevier, at Sandwich.

In 1819 the Diocese of Quebec was erected into an archdiocese, and the following year Father Alexander Macdonell was consecrated Vicar-Apostolic of Upper Canada. Kingston was named as the episcopal see, and in the year 1826 it was erected into a diocese. This is said to be the first diocese established in a British colony since the so-called Reformation.

The first Catholic church in the city of Toronto (called York till 1834) was St. Paul's, and was erected in 1826. Father Crowley appears to have been the first resident priest in Toronto, having received his appointment to this mission

in 1825. There is little doubt but that for many years previous to this French priests from the Sandwich mission were accustomed to celebrate Mass in Toronto while on their way to and from Kingston and Glengarry.

Father John Macdonald was the first resident priest in the Perth mission. Father Macdonald was a remarkable man, considered either physically or mentally. Here is a pen picture of him by a writer who had visited him not long before his death: "The great object of interest, love and pride of all classes throughout the country was the 'vicar,' old Father John Macdonald, who had held their spiritual rule for over half a century, and was still living, hale and hearty, in a pleasant cottage in Glengarry. . . . This fine old priest was without exception the most venerable and patriarchal figure the writer ever looked upon. He was nearing his hundredth year of age. His massive head and trunk were unbent by years, and sound in every function. Only the limbs, that had travelled so many a weary mile in days when the whole country was but an untracked wilderness, had yielded to time and fatigue and could not longer bear up the colossal frame. Wallace himself had not passed through more bold adventures than this old Highland chief. . . . The reverence and love that centred in him in his old age gave proof of his benign and salutary use of his mighty sway."

The years 1828 and 1829 were marked by the rise of parishes in Peterborough, Belleville, Prescott and Bytown (Ottawa), the parish of Richmond, on the Ottawa, of which Father Patrick Haran was pastor from 1826 to 1830, being amalgamated with Bytown in the latter year.

The first church in Kingston was the old French church built in 1808, the Rev. Angus Macdonell, V.G., being in charge. When Bishop Plessis paid his pastoral visit to Kingston in his itinerary of Upper Canada in 1816, the Catholic population was said to number seventy-five families, of which more than two-thirds were French Canadians.

The first resident priest at Belleville was Father Michael Brennan, and the first resident pastor of Prescott, Father Timothy O'Meara. Father Crowley appears to have been the first pastor of Peterborough, having been transferred to this parish from Toronto (York) in the year 1828.

Bytown, which in those early days was little more than a hamlet, but destined one day, under the name of Ottawa, to become the capital of the Dominion and the seat of an archbishopric, had for its first pastor Father Angus Macdonell, who remained until about 1831 or 1832, when he was succeeded by Father John Cullen.

The years 1833 and 1834 were marked by the

rise of parishes at Cobourg, Port Hope, Dundas, Guelph, St. Thomas, London and St. Catharines. Father Dempsey was given charge of Cobourg and Port Hope, Father John Cassidy of Dundas and Guelph, while Father Daniel Downey looked after St. Thomas and London.

The first church built in London was on the corner of Richmond Street and Maple Avenue. It was a primitive structure of logs, with an earthen floor, and was dedicated by Father Downey in 1834. The fortunes of London continued to be bound up with St. Thomas until 1845, when Father Mills, formerly of St. Thomas, was placed in charge of the townships of London and Westminster. The Catholics of St. Catharines were also dependent upon the priest at Niagara for the consolations of religion till 1838, when Father J. M. Burke took up his residence among them.

The years 1835 and 1836 saw the organization of a number of new parishes or missions at Waterloo, Cornwall, Raleigh, on Lake Erie, and Penetanguishene. Father J. B. Wirriats became first pastor of Waterloo, and Father J. B. Proulx the first resident priest at Penetanguishene. Father Proulx was for many years one of the most stalwart and conspicuous figures in the priesthood of Toronto diocese. Well does the writer of this sketch remember, when a boy at

school back in the seventies, Father Proulx's visits to St. Michael's College, Toronto. The great and simple-hearted missionary would mingle with the boys on the playground and entertain them by giving them the Indian war-whoop, which this self-sacrificing and zealous priest had so often heard when he lived among the Indians of the Manitoulin Islands.

When the Honorable and Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, Bishop of Kingston (the title Honorable because the Bishop was a member of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada), left on a trip to Europe in 1839, there were in all thirty-four priests in the Province ministering to the spiritual wants of the Catholic people from the Ottawa River to the Detroit.

It had long been the cherished desire of Bishop Macdonell to found and endow a seminary for the education of his clergy. The college which the Bishop had largely maintained for many years at his own expense at St. Raphael, in Glengarry, had indeed been a nursery of priests, and from its humble class-rooms had graduated such zealous, pious and efficient missionaries as Father George Hay, Father Michael Brennan and Father Edward Gordon; but the growing needs of the Catholic Church in Ontario demanded a larger and better equipped seminary of learning. Accordingly the corner-stone

of Regiopolis College, in Kingston, was laid on June 11, 1838, Bishop Macdonell officiating, assisted by his coadjutor, Mgr. Gaulin, Vicar-General Angus Macdonell, and others of the clergy.

Bishop Macdonell sailed for Europe in the summer of 1839, and in due time landed at Liverpool, whence he went to London, where he communicated with the Colonial Office regarding emigration and other matters. From England he crossed over to Ireland, where he visited several of the Irish prelates. While in the west of Ireland he was stricken down with an attack of inflammation of the lungs, but rallied sufficiently to set out for Scotland to visit his friend Father William Reid, parish priest at Dumfries. Here the Bishop had a second attack of inflammation, and after having received the last rites of the Church passed quietly away on the morning of the 14th of January, 1840. His funeral took place in St. Mary's Cathedral, in Edinburgh, and was attended by Bishop Gillis, coadjutor to the eastern district of Scotland; Bishops Carruthers, of Edinburgh; Murdoch, of Glasgow, and Scott, of Greenock, and a large number of priests. In 1861 the remains of the dead prelate were brought to Canada and placed in the vaults of the Notre Dame Church, Montreal, where they remained for a short time, when they were transferred to Kingston.

Bishop Macdonell was the pioneer Bishop of Ontario, a prelate of wonderful force of character —unquestionably one of the greatest and most commanding figures in the history of the Catholic Church in Canada.

In 1841, on the representation of Mgr. Gaulin, who had succeeded Bishop Macdonell, the western portion of Kingston Diocese was erected into a new diocese, with the city of Toronto as the seat of the new episcopal see. Very Rev. Michael Power, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Montreal, was chosen as Bishop of the newly erected diocese. The limits of the new diocese were officially defined as follows: West of Newcastle, from Lake Ontario to Lake Muskoka; from thence by a line directed north-west through Lakes Moon and Muskoka, to western branches of two rivers emptying into the Ottawa; all west of that, including Lake Superior districts.

Bishop Power had in his new and extensive diocese nineteen priests, sixteen of whom attended his first diocesan synod, which met in the month of October in St. Paul's Church, Toronto.

Here are the priests and their respective charges: Very Rev. W. P. Macdonald, V.G., Hamilton; Revs. M. R. Mills, Brantford, Indiana and Dumfries; James O'Flynn, Dundas, Oakville and Trafalgar; James Bennet, Tecumseth and Adjala; Edward Gordon, Niagara and

Niagara Falls; Patrick O'Dwyer, London and St. Thomas; Eugene O'Reilly, Toronto and Albion; J. B. Proulx, Manitoulin and the Upper Lakes; Michael McDonnell, Maidstone and Rochester; Thomas Gibney, Guelph and Stratford; Peter Schneider, Waterloo, Wilmot and Goderich; James Quinlan, Newmarket and Barrie; Amable Charest, Penetanguishene; Very Rev. Æneas Macdonell, V.G., Sandwich; Rev. J. B. Morin, Raleigh; Rev. Augustine Vervais, Amherstburg, and Revs. W. P. McDonagh, Stephen Fergus and J. J. Hay (secretary of the diocese), Toronto.

The work of Bishop Power during the seven years that he wore the mitre in Toronto was full of goodly and pious fruitage. From the very beginning of his episcopate Bishop Power felt the need of a suitable Cathedral Church. He finally succeeded in purchasing the block of land on Church Street, on which the Cathedral Palace and Loretto Convent now stand, and on May 8, 1845, the corner-stone of St. Michael's Cathedral was laid by the Bishop in person, assisted by Fathers Macdonell, V.G., McDonagh, Gordon, O'Reilly, Timlin, Carroll, Hay, Quinlan and Nightingale.

Soon after Bishop Power's advent to the diocese he made formal application to Very Rev. Father Roothaan, general of the Society

of Jesus, for priests of that society to aid him in the missions of his diocese. His appeal to Father Roothaan met with a favorable response. In 1843 two Jesuits, Fathers Peter Point and John Peter Chone, came to the diocese and were placed in charge of the parish of Assumption at Sandwich. The new church, commenced by Father Macdonell, V.G., was completed by them and dedicated in 1846, and some ten years later they founded the College of Assumption. Besides the mission at Sandwich the Jesuit Fathers had at one time charge also of Chatham and of Wilmot, in the county of Waterloo. At present the Jesuit Fathers have charge in Ontario of Guelph and the Lake Superior and Georgian Bay missions.

The year 1847 will be forever marked for its blood and tear-stained story of the Irish emigrants who, flying from persecution and famine, contracted the deadly ship fever and died—some on their way across the ocean, others at Grosse Isle, and still others at Quebec, Montreal, Kingston and Toronto. It was while ministering to a poor woman who lay dying at the immigrant sheds in Toronto that Bishop Power contracted the dread malady, which terminated his saintly and heroic career and plunged the citizens of Toronto, irrespective of creed, into the most heartfelt and profound grief. The

*British Colonist*, the leading newspaper of the day, referring to the sad event, said : " It is not for us to pronounce his eulogy. The sorrow of his flock, the regret of the community, the members of which have learned to appreciate his exertions to promote peace and brotherly love among us, the tears that moisten the cheeks of many persons not within the pale of his Church, to whom we have spoken of his untimely decease, are the best evidences of the loss sustained in his death. May it be our lot to see a successor appointed to the episcopate whom all may learn to love as well." Bishop Power lies entombed beneath the great cathedral which he planned but did not live to see completed.

In 1847 the ancient see of Kingston—the pioneer diocese of Ontario—was shorn of a portion of its eastern territory to constitute a new diocese to be known as Ottawa. Right Rev Bishop Guigues became the first Bishop of this newly created diocese, and selected Ottawa as the seat of his episcopal see.

We have now almost touched, by way of introduction, the threshold of the history of the Catholic Church in Ontario during the past fifty years. Pope Pius IX. had just ascended the Papal Throne. Europe had been rocked by the upheaval of 1848. Poor, unhappy Ireland lay

"like a corpse on a dissecting table." Canada had lately passed through the throes of a rebellion and was now peacefully enjoying the fruits of responsible government. Irish Catholic immigrants were hewing out homes for themselves in the wilderness, massed together in settlements in well-nigh every county of the Province; while the pioneer priest, true to the spirit of his holy calling, was piercing the virgin forests, fording angry streams, threading impassable roads, to minister to his scattered flock —to strengthen them with the Bread of Life and prepare them for the agony of death.

"It was," says a writer, "reserved for France, so closely connected with the earlier history of this country and so renowned for the missionary spirit of her children, to give Toronto its second Bishop in the person of Armand Francis Marie, Comte de Charbonnel."

Dr. de Charbonnel was consecrated Bishop of Toronto by His Holiness Pope Pius IX. in the Sistine Chapel, on May 26, 1850, in presence of a large assembly, amongst whom were the French Ambassador and the general of the French troops at Rome. As a souvenir of consecration the Holy Father presented the Bishop with a well-filled purse and a chasuble of gold, upon which were embroidered the Papal arms. In addition to these His Holiness offered

him his choice between a fine ciborium and a rich chalice. His Lordship chose the ciborium; then, taking the chalice in the other hand, he turned towards Pius IX., saying: "*Quid retribuam Domino pro omnibus quæ retribuit mihi*," and finishing the quotation said: "*Calicem salutaris accipiam et nomen Domini invocabo.*" ("I shall take the chalice of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.") The Pope with a smile appreciated the ready answer, and the Bishop withdrew, happy possessor of all three.

Bishop de Charbonnel, accompanied by Mgr. Prince, coadjutor Bishop of Montreal, arrived in Toronto, September 21, 1850, and took formal possession of his see the following Sunday. To liquidate the debt on the cathedral, which amounted to about sixty thousand dollars, was the first thought and care of the newly consecrated Bishop. For the purpose of raising funds His Lordship visited every Catholic mission—nay, it is said, every Catholic family—in his vast diocese. He also early turned his attention to the needs of Catholic education, and entered the arena of discussion as an uncompromising champion of Separate Schools. Indeed, as a well-known Catholic writer avers, "His whole episcopate was one continual struggle against an autocratic Superintendent of Education (Dr. Ryerson), against wily politicians and against

popular bigotry upon this vital subject." His battling was not without good results. It taught bigotry that it cannot hold out against justice—that the sacred right of educating the child is a matter of conscience, and that no law framed in a commonwealth of freedom should attempt to violate or clash with the sacred and inalienable rights of the parent with respect to the education of the child.

Let us now for a moment glance at the beginning of Catholic education in the city of Toronto. When Bishop Power visited Europe in 1847, he made arrangements with the Loretto Community to send a colony of their nuns to Toronto to assist in the work of Catholic education. Accordingly, in September, five members of the order arrived in the city and were joyfully received by the Catholic people. This was the beginning of the Loretto foundations in Ontario which have conferred such inestimable benefits upon our people. On October 7, 1851, Mother Delphine, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, accompanied by Sister M. Martha, Sister M. Alphonsus and Sister M. Bernard, arrived in Toronto. The Christian Brothers came to Toronto the same year, and were first introduced and established there by Brother Patrick, who afterwards became one of the assistants to the superior-general of the whole order.

In 1848 there were thirty-two Catholic schools in the Province, and in 1850 this number had increased to forty-six. In 1852 there were in the Catholic schools of Toronto seven hundred and six pupils under the care of twelve teachers, of whom two were Sisters of Loretto and five were Christian Brothers.

In August, 1852, four Basilians, with the Very Rev. Father Soulerin as Superior, came, at the invitation of Bishop de Charbonnel, to Toronto to found a Catholic college. This was the origin and beginning of St. Michael's College. The next few years saw a number of churches erected in Toronto—St. Mary's, in 1851; St. Basil's, in 1856, and St. Patrick's, about the year 1859.

In 1856, in accordance with representations made to Rome, bulls were issued dividing the Diocese of Toronto and establishing two new sees—that of Hamilton and London. The Right Rev. John Farrell, of Peterborough, was consecrated Bishop of Hamilton, and the Right Rev. Peter Adolphe Pinsonneault, of Montreal, Bishop of London. Thus within thirty-six years did the Catholic Church in Ontario expand from a single diocese, with a handful of spiritual workmen, into five dioceses.

The returns for 1859 give thirty-three priests in Toronto Diocese. Amongst the new parishes recently organized were Barrie, Brock, Orillia

and Adjala. The late revered and beloved Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, was the first parish priest of Brock, and the late Bishop Jamot, saintly and zealous, the first parish priest of Barrie.

In 1859 Bishop de Charbonnel obtained a coadjutor in the person of the Right Rev. John Joseph Lynch, President of the College of Holy Angels, Niagara Falls, N.Y., whose name is inseparably connected with the history of the Catholic Church in Ontario for nearly thirty years. In April, 1860, Bishop de Charbonnel resigned his see and returned to France, where he became a Capuchin and died a saintly death, venerable and beloved, at the ripe age of eighty-nine, on Easter Sunday, March 29, 1891. The Catholic Church in Ontario owes this great prelate much—it will assuredly hold his name forever in benediction.

Meanwhile in the eastern part of the Province the Catholic Church was making rapid strides, too. Mgr. Gaulin, Bishop of Kingston, having passed away, his coadjutor, Bishop Phelan, succeeded him, but survived him only a month. The fourth Bishop of Kingston, the mother diocese of Ontario, was Right Rev. Dr. Horan, for a number of years Professor in Laval University, Quebec. During Bishop Horan's episcopal reign the Catholic Church in Kingston made

great progress. His Lordship took a deep interest in Catholic education, and the work in Regiopolis College gained from His Lordship a new and fuller impetus. Mgr. Horan was a great church builder, and under his guidance some of the finest ecclesiastical structures in the diocese took shape and form.

In the Diocese of Ottawa, which had been set apart in 1847, the Catholic Church, under the benign and saintly rule of its first Bishop, Right Rev. J. E. Guigues, was attaining wonderful growth and development. Mgr. Guigues, like Bishop de Charbonnel, early saw the necessity of making provision for the establishing of a Catholic college or seminary for the education and training of the Catholic priesthood of his vast diocese, and accordingly, in 1848, this good Bishop, aided by a number of gifted and zealous Oblate Fathers, at the head of whom was Dr. Tabaret, established the College of Ottawa, which from its modest beginning half a century ago has grown into a great Catholic University that has attracted the attention and won the commendation of the ablest scholars in the land.

Bishop Lynch, whose career as a Lazarist Father—whether in missionary work upon the prairies of Texas or as President of the College of Holy Angels—was one of marvellous activity, now entered upon the performance of his

episcopal duties with renewed energy and ardor. The work of his busy crozier—large heart and throbbing brain—is best summed up in the inscriptions on the shields with which St. Michael's Cathedral was adorned on the occasion of his silver jubilee in 1884: "Loretto Convent, established in 1862; St. Joseph's Convent, established in 1863; St. Michael's tower and spire, built in 1865; Loretto Abbey, Wellington Place, extended in 1867; St. Nicholas' Home, established in 1869; attended Ecumenical Council in 1870; De La Salle Institute, established in 1871; consecrated Bishop O'Brien, Kingston, in 1875; consecrated Bishop Crinnon, Hamilton, in 1874; consecrated Archbishop Taschereau, Quebec, in 1874; Convent of the Precious Blood, established in 1874; Magdalen Asylum, established in 1875; Convents of St. Joseph established in St. Catharines, Thorold, Barrie and Oshawa; forty parish churches and thirty presbyteries established; seventy priests ordained for the diocese and St. John's Grove and House established." To these may be added the establishing of the Carmelite Monastery at Niagara Falls, Ontario.

In 1870 Toronto was made an archiepiscopal see, with Mgr. Lynch its first Archbishop and the sees of London and Hamilton suffragans. In 1873 the northern part of Ontario was erected into a vicariate and Bishop Jamot appointed

Vicar-Apostolic. This was afterwards merged in the Diocese of Peterborough, Mgr. Jamot becoming its first Bishop. In 1874 Right Rev. Dr. O'Mahony was appointed auxiliary Bishop of Toronto.

Bishop Farrell bore the crozier in Hamilton for seventeen years—from 1856 till 1873. His rule was benign and fatherly. No priest in his diocese toiled harder than the Bishop. He attended sick calls, visited the poor and heard confessions every week, and every day when required.

During his episcopate churches multiplied in his diocese, while there was a steady advancement along the lines of Catholic education. It was under his fostering care and guidance, too, that the beautiful Cathedral Church of the diocese rose and convents conducted by the Sisters of Loretto were established in Hamilton and Guelph. Bishop Farrell was a man of imposing and courtly bearing, standing six feet four inches in height and possessing a most handsome countenance. He was the tallest and grandest-looking personage of all the bishops and patriarchs assembled at the Vatican Council in Rome in 1870. Hamilton Diocese was bereft of its good and zealous first Bishop in the autumn of 1873, when death carried away Right Rev. John Farrell, one of the kindest, noblest and

most courteous of the prelates that have ever worn the mitre or graced the sees of Ontario.

A venerable priest who did the work of a great apostle in the Catholic pioneer days of Ontario, and was for many years associated with Bishop Farrell, was Very Rev. Edward Gordon, V.G. Father Gordon was a convert, and was educated in St. Raphael's Seminary, in Glengarry. Soon after his ordination, in 1830, he began his mission work, the field of his labors extending from Toronto to Niagara Falls, including Adjala, Trafalgar, Toronto Gore, Dundas and Niagara Falls. At Niagara he built the first church, St. Vincent de Paul's, in 1835. Upon the division of the Diocese of Kingston he remained in charge at Niagara, and subsequently became Vicar-General of the Diocese of Toronto under Bishop de Charbonnel, and resided in Hamilton. When Bishop Farrell took possession of the See of Hamilton he made Father Gordon his Vicar-General, in the enjoyment of which dignity this good and venerable priest continued till his death, which took place early in the seventies.

The health of Mgr. Pinsonneault, Bishop of London, becoming impaired, it was necessary to select a successor, and on November 10, 1867, Vicar-General Walsh, who had been rector of St. Michael's Cathedral for a number of years,

and was at that time pastor of St. Mary's Church, Toronto, was consecrated Bishop of London, in succession to Dr. Pinsonneault. Bishop Walsh was born in Kilkenny, Ireland, and received his education in the College of Waterford and the Sulpician Seminary in Montreal.

On taking up the crozier laid down by Bishop Pinsonneault in his retirement from London, Dr. Walsh applied himself with zeal to the episcopal duties of his diocese, carrying into his work the same good judgment, prudence and tact which had so favorably marked his priestly labors for so many years in the Diocese of Toronto. He became endeared to his clergy at the very outset, and this bond of affection and love remained intact during the two and twenty years that he continued as chief pastor of the London Diocese. When Bishop Walsh came to the diocese he found it heavily encumbered with debt and sorely in need of additional convents, churches, schools and hospitals. When, in response to the voice of Rome, he bade adieu to London—with all its tender memories and associations—on November 27, 1889, to take up the crozier in succession to Archbishop Lynch in Toronto, he left a diocese well provided with churches, schools and hospitals, and a body of Catholic priests devoted and loyal—as faithful as could be found in any diocese of Canada.

Among the many beautiful ecclesiastical edifices erected in the diocese during his episcopal *régime*, St. Peter's Cathedral in London will ever remain a monument to the faith and zeal of this great and good Bishop.

Turning to the Diocese of Ottawa, we find that the progress of Catholicity there has been in the meantime very marked. Bishop Guigues having died in 1874, Right Rev. J. T. Duhamel was appointed his successor. Bishop Duhamel soon proved himself a prelate of great executive ability—full of tact, wisdom and energy. He is a true friend of Catholic education, ever encouraging, aiding and directing it. In 1887 the Diocese of Ottawa was erected into a metropolitan see, Most Rev. Dr. Duhamel becoming its first Archbishop. The Catholic population in the archdiocese is 120,000 and the number of priests 166. In 1882 the Vicariate of Pontiac was established, with Right Rev. N. Z. Lorrain its Vicar-Apostolic. Two years ago the vicariate was erected into the Diocese of Pembroke, with Mgr. Lorrain as its first Bishop and suffragan of the metropolitan of Ottawa. Mgr. Lorrain is a man of great zeal, piety, earnestness and simplicity of character. In addition to administering successfully the affairs of his large and scattered diocese, he does an amount of parochial work equal to that of any parish priest in

Ontario. Under his benign and watchful care the Catholic Church has made marvellous progress in his vast diocese, which includes the county of Renfrew, in Ontario, and the county of Pontiac, in Quebec, the territory between 88 and 72 degrees, the height of land at the south, Hudson Bay, James Bay and the Great Whale River at the north. The Catholic population of the diocese is 36,171, spiritually cared for by thirty-three priests.

Bishop O'Brien, who succeeded Right Rev. Dr. Horan as Bishop of Kingston in 1875, wore the mitre for four years, and during that time labored most assiduously as chief pastor of the diocese. He was a remarkable financier, and did much to liquidate the debt which weighed upon the diocese. Mgr. O'Brien dying in 1879, Right Rev. James Vincent Cleary, of Waterford, Ireland, was appointed to the vacant see. The work of this great prelate is so well and widely known that to chronicle his episcopal activities is but to review what is already fresh in the mind of every Catholic in Canada.

There is not a doubt but that Mgr. Cleary was one of the most scholarly prelates who ever wore the mitre in the Catholic Church in America. He was indeed a man of rare endowments—a most gifted and eloquent speaker—the Cicero of the Catholic Church in Canada. He had a great

mind, lofty ideals, and the fervor and zeal of the earliest apostleship of the Church. The pastorals which he issued from time to time during his episcopal rule were models—in the depth, clearness, fulness and beauty of the thought which they embodied. If there was one quality more than another which Mgr. Cleary possessed it was courage. He stood upon the ramparts of the Church of God, asking no quarter, giving no quarter, ready to defend its every right and principle to the death.

During the seventeen years that this great and gifted prelate ruled the Diocese of Kingston the progress of the Catholic Church in the mother see of Ontario was most notable. A profound scholar himself, Mgr. Cleary lent his episcopal influence to the establishing of Catholic schools in every part of his diocese. He revived Regiopolis College, which was obliged to close its doors through financial embarrassment in 1869, and this institution to-day promises to do a great and good work. The Catholic population of the diocese is 35,000, and the number of priests 44.

In 1889 Kingston was erected into a metropolitan see, with Mgr. Cleary its first Archbishop. At the same time a new diocese was created in the eastern part of the Province, which in days gone by had been the cradle of Catholic faith in

Ontario. This new diocese, whose Bishop is the Right Rev. Alexander Macdonell, embraces the counties of Stormont and Glengarry, and is known as the Diocese of Alexandria. It has a Catholic population of 18,000, spiritually attended by twelve priests. Mgr. Macdonell is a prudent and zealous prelate, worthy in every way of the distinguished name which he bears.

The mitre worn with so much lustre for a period of seventeen years in the mother see of Ontario by Most Rev. Dr. Cleary found worthy succession in the person of Vicar-General Gauthier, of Brockville, who was consecrated Archbishop of Kingston in St. Mary's Cathedral, October 18, 1898.

Mgr. Gauthier brings to his work great executive power, tact, and the burning zeal of the early apostleship. He has a precise knowledge of the conditions and wants of his diocese, and possesses the prudence and wisdom to administer its affairs in the very best interests of Holy Church.

Already is Mgr. Gauthier's episcopal *régime* bearing goodly fruit. Under his wise guidance Catholic education, which had been so dear to the heart of his gifted predecessor, is breaking into richer blossoms, and gives promise of a return worthy of those who hold it in sacred keeping.

Between 1873 and 1889 two bishops ruled in succession the See of Hamilton—Mgrs. Crinnon and Carberry. Bishop Crinnon had been parish priest of Stratford, and he brought to the performance of his episcopal duties a zeal and self-sacrifice which did not fail to bear the richest fruit. Bishop Carberry, his successor, came from Ireland, where he had been famed among his Dominican Brothers for his culture and scholarship and his deep but unostentatious piety. Both these good bishops died martyrs to the toils entailed in bearing the crozier.

The Diocese of Hamilton becoming widowed by the death of Mgr. Carberry in 1889, Right Rev. T. J. Dowling, who had succeeded Bishop Jamot in the See of Peterborough in 1887, was translated to fill the vacant see. During the twelve years that Bishop Dowling has borne the crozier the progress of the Catholic Church in the Diocese of Hamilton has been most marked. Mgr. Dowling is possessed of an ability most practical and an untiring energy. He thoroughly understands the needs of his diocese, and is unwearied in his efforts to promote the spiritual and temporal welfare of his people. During his spiritual *régime* as chief pastor of the diocese, new schools, new convents, new hospitals and new churches have marked the years of his episcopal toil. The Catholic population of

Hamilton Diocese is 50,000 and the number of priests 55.

When Bishop Dowling was translated to Hamilton, in 1889, Right Rev. R. A. O'Connor was appointed to the vacant See of Peterborough. Bishop O'Connor had been for many years parish priest of Barrie, and was recognized as one of the most successful priests in Ontario. His diocese is a very extensive one, comprising the counties of Durham, Northumberland, Peterborough, Victoria and the districts of Algoma, Muskoka, Parry Sound and the western portion of Nipissing. The Catholic population in the diocese is 36,500 and the number of priests 48. Mgr. O'Connor is known as an eminently prudent and practical Bishop.

On Bishop Walsh's retirement from London to become Archbishop of Toronto, in 1889, Dr. O'Connor, President of Assumption College, Sandwich, was chosen to succeed him. Bishop O'Connor's episcopal rule in London bore happy spiritual fruit.

The sudden death of Most Rev. John Walsh, Archbishop of Toronto, on the 31st of July, 1898, closed the life-work and career of one of the most beautiful characters, and wise and gifted prelates that have ever adorned the Catholic Church in Canada. His wise counsel, gentle rule, warm sympathy and noble charity had